IronWatch

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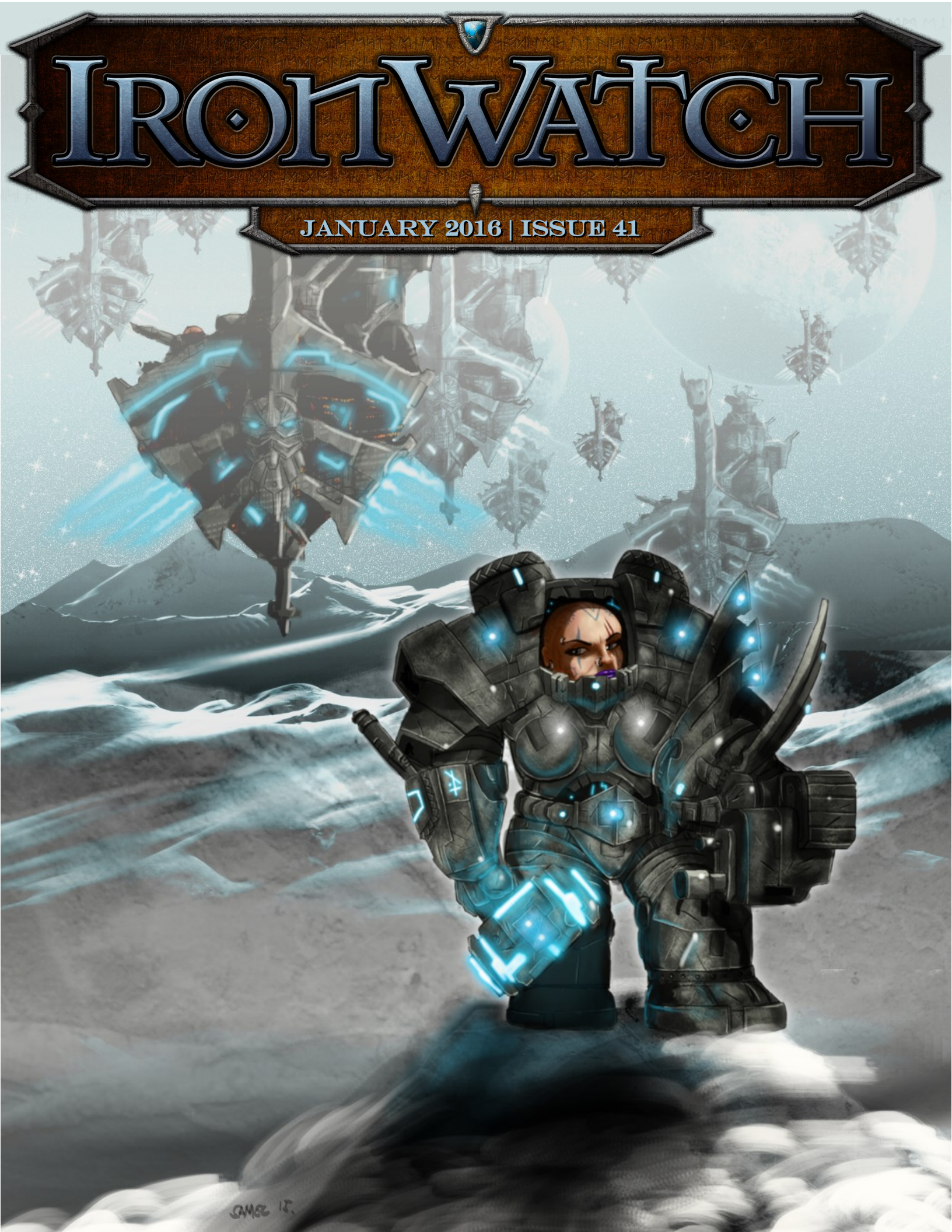

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the new year!

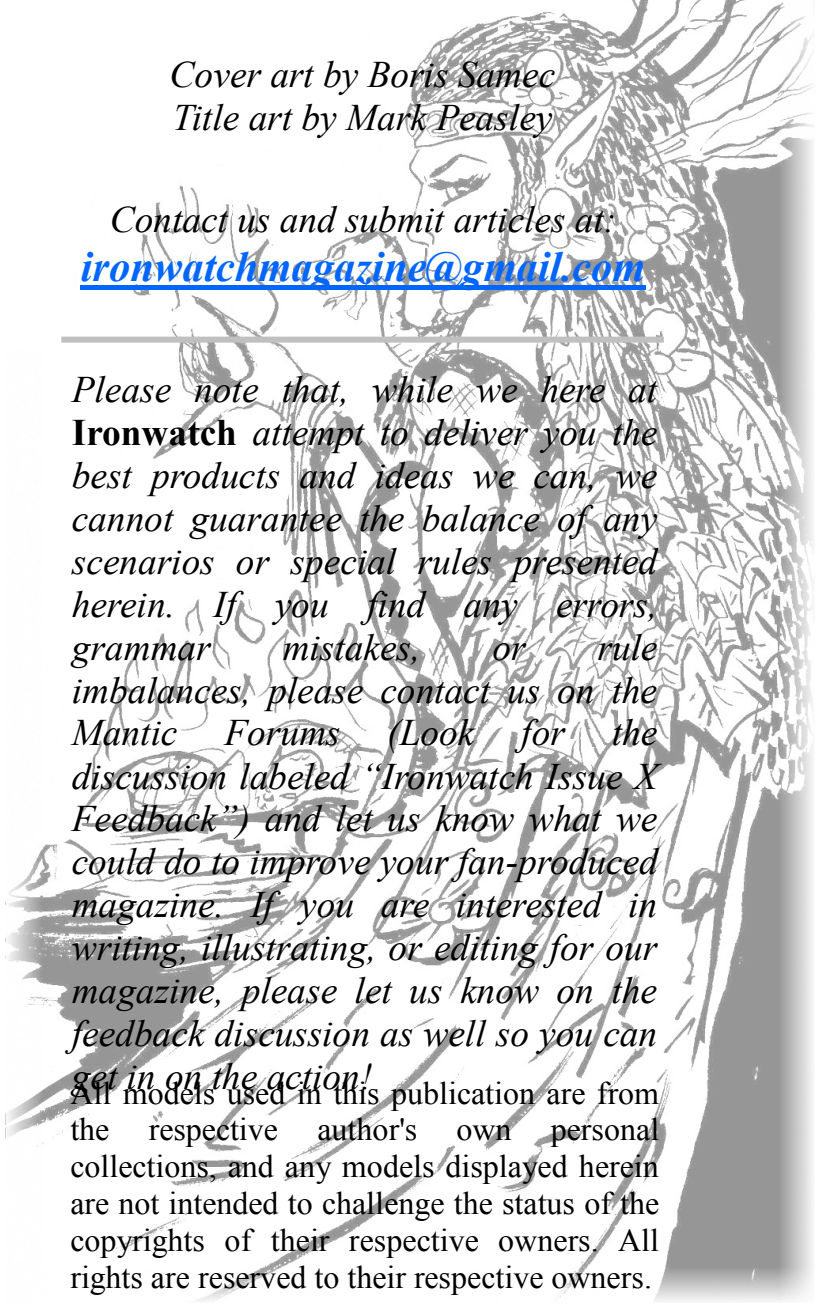
We've got tons of awesome content this month, including a little set of adventures I made for Dungeon Saga; I know I'm absolutely buzzing with excitement to play more with my set, and I'm sure you all are too, so please send us pictures and such of your stories and scenarios and painted miniatures from that Kickstarter!

The Warpath Pledge Manager is open (Or opening soon if you haven't received the email yet). There's tons of really cool vehicle options here, so be sure to take a look if you need some Veery-Myn tunneling vehicles, Forgefather tanks, Asterian hovercraft, Enforcer dropships, GCPS buggies, and more!

Lastly, while we've been a bit spotty with our communication in the Mantic Forums, following the server migration we should be much more active there, so keep an eye out for a Feedback Discussion thread there in the near future.

As always, whether you're a new reader or a hoary old veteran, thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin



Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
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Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

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IRON FORGE: CEDRIC BOUDOYA

Deadzone Asterian Support Platforms by "C. M. Minis"

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or **email us** with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, and not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

2016—January

1/16 **(Madrid) Torneo de Kings of War (GTN)**
From 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM
Goblin Trader Norte

1/23 Alcarriagames (Guadalajara - Spain)
From 12:00 AM on 1/23/16 to 12:00 AM on 1/25/16
Featuring Kings of War and Dungeon Saga demos. Please note that the dates have changed from previous postings!
Palacio Multiusos Guadalajara, Avenida el Vado, s/n, 19070 Guadalajara, Guadalajara, España

1/23 (Málaga) "Road to Alhaurín" KoW
From 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM
Inscripción 5€ (Registration)
Torneo de Kings of War, preparatorio para el Regional de Andalucía (South Regional). (Tournament of Kings of War , preparatory to the Andalusian Regional (South Regional).En e-Minis Málaga. (In e- Minis Malaga.)
2000p, Aliados permitidos, sin Leyendas. Uncharted Empires permitido. (2000p, Allies allowed without legends . Uncharted Empires allowed.) Tres partidas con reloj (50min) (Three games with clock)
Calle Alagon, 29006 Málaga, Málaga, España

1/30 Shiloh Slaughter Grand Tournament
From 12:00 Am on 1/30/16 to 12:00 AM on 1/31/16
Registration is $60
Chancellor Hotel, 70 NE Ave , Fayetteville, AR 72701, USA

February

2/20 (Madrid) Torneo de Kings of War (Arkania)
From 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM
Pendiente de confirmar (To be confirmed)
Arkania, Calle de los Reyes Magos, 23, 28007 Madrid, Madrid, España

Deadzone Rebs Troopers, Warzone conversions, and Reb Leader by Nicodemus Sandberg

Ogre Warriors by Taylor Holloway

2/20 **([Málaga) Regional de Andalucía de Kings of War]**

La inscripción es de 12€ y con esta inscripción se sufragará el coste de organización, se destinará una parte al Spanish Team (equipo español que se formará para torneos internacionales) y para premios. (The inscription is 12 € and the cost of this registration organization shall bear a part to Spanish Team (Spanish team will be formed to international tournaments) and awards will go .)

Primer regional del año 2016 en el calendario de los Pathfinders de España. (2016 regional first in the calendar of the Pathfinders of Spain.)

Pabellón Polideportivo "El Limón", Alhaurín de la Torre, Málaga, España

March

3/4 **OH Con**

From 9:30 AM on 3/4/16 to 5:00 PM on 3/6/16

Registration is $15-$50, depending on the events you want to enter.

Park Inn (by Radison) 101 North Summit Street, Toledo OH 43604

3/18 **Manticon**

From 2:00 PM on 3/18/16 to 4:00 PM on 3/20/16

Registration is $40

Kings of War Tournament, plus casual games & demos on Friday and Sunday. Don't forget a game & miniature fair (buying, selling, trading) as well as an auction.

Henry Horton State Park, 4209 Nashville Hwy, Chapel Hill, TN 37034, United States

3/19 **(Madrid) Tourneo de Kings of War (Quimera)**

From 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM

Quimera, Calle de Jorge Juan, 112, 28028 Madrid, Madrid, España

3/30 **Adepticon**

From 7:00 PM on 3/30/16 to 4:00 PM on 4/3/16

Registration is from $25-$100, depending on the type of Badge.

Quite simply one of the biggest events in wargaming, with tons of games, seminars, tutorials, deals, and more to see and enjoy.

Renaissance Schaumburg Convention Center Hotel, 1551 Thoreau Dr N, Schaumburg, IL 60173, United States

Undead Werewolf by Pete Harrison

Abyssal Dwarf Angkor Mortar by "puggimer"

THE OATH BIND

By Chris Davis

For the follower who made it from the old world to the new one there were very few who had the ability to bend the forces of the ether. These few were binders of demons in the old world but here in their new home they found they could bend iron and shape fire, the latter a hold over from their old plane of reality. The former created a new tradition among the followers of the bull god.

The writ of iron a very powerful mark on any who was gifted one. A writ of iron granted the bearer access to any of the meager supplies that had been brought over and a command that was second only to the bull god. In fact so rare and powerful is the writ of iron that any who bears its mark his word is to be obeyed with out question. This supreme power does of course lead to a problem. What if the bearer acts rashly like the bull god did in coming to this new land? What if the actions of a bearer leads to disasters? The prophets of the bull god were granted wisdom enough to create the writ of iron and also the sage vision of how to limit such power.

A recipient of the writ of iron is given a task when his writ is bestowed upon on him. He is also given a very clear understanding that if he fails by the time set his failure will be marked with extreme punishment. While it is true the users of magica in this new world no longer suffer the stone curse. They will suffer the iron curse if they fail while in use of the writ of iron.

Upon the date set of a task for a writ of iron if the task is failed. If it is deemed to not be what the writ was merited for the bearer of the writ, will be killed and his form bound in iron. It is this binding of iron that leads to

creation of the iron guard, the immortals.

For one way the dawi zharr have over come the problem of not enough of there own is to take their new found powers and to create numbers. All dawi view the immortals as part of their power base and as a easy solution to the lack of man power. This rather frank attitude of resources is seen and simple and logical. For this reason dawi bestowed power and honors, fear becoming one of many, no longer honored just another body in a sea of disposable resources. One of the hollow suits of iron that exist to obey and die at the whims of the dawi zharr.

This is yet a another small example of the will of a race to have survived the end of one world and make good in another.▪

Dwarven Cannon by "SneakyChris"

RECLAMATION SONG

By Michael Grey

Part Three

From Halpi's southern shores and the twin seas deep
To the north most mountains' snow top'd peaks
We go

When Winter's grip long releases land
Ours by lore and blood and hand
We go

'Reclamation Song' - Traditional dirge of the Free Clans

"What's that?"

"Mh?" said Jorrin.

"What's that you're humming," said Gruf.

Jorrin hadn't realise he had been. In the mental torpor of drawn-out waiting his mind had gone back to his Song.

He'd composed his Song before coming to Dar Gaer, and had left it where someone would find it to sing at the Mea'n Fo'mhar after his death. It was less a song than an apology put to lyrics. He'd made it short for the sake of the unknown dwarf who would have to sing it after he was gone, and ended with a request for forgiveness for what he had done.

Dwarven Shieldbreaker by "Dusty"

After their return from the fight with the orcs he had taken the scroll and burned it, and lay awake late into the nights since making up his new Song, one still of remorse but also of atonement and hope. And in the drowse-inducing march he had unconsciously slipped into its recital.

"Nothing," he said, but with half a smile. Gruf gave him an odd look but didn't say anything else.

The look was understandable; the entire hold was going to war. Around them hundreds of dwarfs had marched to the tempered sounds of war horns, precisely timed so the host would not march in time and risk avalanches from the surrounding peaks.

Their regiment was honoured to rank up behind the veterans who had won the hold with Herse Baddon; recognition for being the only freshly made Dar Gaer regiment to see battle. Jorrin recognised his guide from his first week, the old dwarf with a leg carved in

Goblin Sneak by Darren Lysenko

the shape of a rifle, identical to the Ironwatch rifle he now carried on his shoulder. When the old dwarf had seen Jorrin looking he'd given a nod in respect to a fellow warrior.

It was an odd feeling, being among a warhost of such size. Flanking the column were brock cavalry, so many Jorrin could smell their musky faecal stink from fifty paces. More moved unseen among the peaks, protecting their flanks ad scouting the way with Rhun's rangers.

Yet more pulled the drafts and wagons behind, bringing up the hold's ordnance batteries. Cledwyn told him they had emptied Dar Gaer of two whole galleries of its cannon. More than the Herse had brought across the mountains to take Dar Gaer.

What the Herse had taken to crack open a mountain they were taking now to crack an army.

May the flame help them, Jorrin thought.

The march had taken almost the entire day. They had begun shortly after midnight and marched down the passes watching the sun make its low, early winter arc across the sky, setting again while they still moved, fuelled by the Herse's impatience to end the threat to the hold before it could take root.

The enemy, the scouts told them, gathered at the other end of the valley. An unseasonal fog blanketed the ground, but in the patchy starlight he could see the heads of soldiers ranked up within it, waiting for the fog to shift.

The enemy. Dwarfs lost to the Abyss. The fallen.

They may have forsaken their people, but they were still dwarfs. Jorrin would not say, but in a way he felt he may understand them. No dwarf was born to the Abyss, they fell to it through weakness in character, and acting upon the urges brought by that weakness.

He had almost done just that. He liked to think it was some remaining shred of principle which would not allow him to give credence to the possibility his fate may lay with the fallen, but he knew he just afraid.

But he had made his decision, and he would make amends by facing them. He felt exhilarated, freed. He would fight and win or he would die, and either would ease his soul when he met Hwel. He weighed the two axes he now carried in place of his shield. They felt comfortable, as if they were always meant to be there.

"Easy, killer," said Bradwen. "There'll be time for that soon enough."

Jorrin grinned. He was looking forward using his weapons again. In defence of the hold and of his friends, he would use them to good effect.

At the army's head Herse Baddon shifted impatiently on his brock. Jorrin understood the Herse's restlessness. The moment the rangers' reports of the gathering fallen army reached Dar Gaer he had roused the entire hold and swept down the valley to stamp down the threat swiftly, and the snow choking the passes be damned.

But they had been waiting for almost an hour since the battle lines had been drawn, and the fog refused to disperse and the fallen across the valley had not moved. With so few dwarfs living in Dar Gaer Herse Baddon was reluctant to send them to face an unknown number of enemy, or risk blind cannon fire.

So they waited. Thegns came to the Herse, gave reports, and returned to their regiments, dwarfs relieved themselves on the snow, Gruf tested her shield, and Jorrin recited his Song within his head.

"Either of you been this far north before?" said Bradwen, breaking the silence.

Gruf shook her head. "No, why?" said Jorrin. Bradwen pointed forward. "This fog. Don't seem like it should be around this time of year."

"It shouldn't," said another dwarf. His accent had the deep, extended vowels of the northern holds and gave his words credence. "It's too damn cold. Any moisture should be frozen from t'air."

Abyssal Dwarf Halfbreed and Lesser Obsidian Golems by Grant Mahoney

Jorrin's suspicions rose. The enemy, visible as feint outlines across the valley floor, still had not moved, but their stationary forms now held a sinister quality which their silence only added to.

Herse Baddon's brock pawed at the ground and huffed, emitting a cloud of breath to drift over the warriors in a predator's meat stink. The breeze which took the breath picked up, and the cloud before the

army began to shift.

Everyone saw it, and calls went to up to pick up arms across the lines. The air, until then filled with nothing but snatches of low conversation and the clink of leather on armour, suddenly picked up with hundreds of dwarfs arming themselves.

Jorrin just looked forward. Something wasn't right. The fog whorled and shifted, but he figures opposite them were as unmoving as the past hour. Even as the mist was teased by the growing wind, thinning out and revealing the ground between the two armies, the only movement came from Dar Gaer's lines.

The Herse noted it too. He leaned forward in his mount, as if the extra few inches would reveal what caused his unease.

Then the cloud cover blew clear of the moon and moonlight bathed the valley.

They were not facing an army of fallen dwarfs. They were not even facing an army. Across the valley floor stood hundreds of mounds, made of piled stone or snow, stacked in the vague height and shape of dwarfs with branches leant against many of them to give the outline of spears.

The figures in front of those sticks had been driven into the ground, each holding up the severed head of a dwarf wearing the green hood of Rhun's rangers.

The Herse said nothing. He didn't have to. Jorrin could feel the rage radiating from him

Drunk Dwarf by Christian Schlumpberger

Dwarven Ironwatch by Jonathan Faulkes

like waves of frightening heat.

Every other dwarf had now also seen what faced them, and their eyes along with their fear, shifted to the Herse and what he would do next.

Herse Baddon walked his brock forward. The beast growled its displeasure and shook its massive head, but consented to be moved, and the Herse wordless looked down on the line of heads.

"Who are they?" he said.

Rhun walked from the front line to stand with his Herse. "Thegn Haur. He and his dwarfs were guarding the western passes."

"The western passes," Herse Baddon said. The words carried more than the spoken statement.

"That's right."

"The reservoirs!" the Herse shouted, and brought his brock around. Rhun was already running back to his line, frantically making the silent signals his rangers used in place of spoken order.

"Reform!" the Herse shouted. "Back to the hold!"

The entire army turned and began the hard slog through uphill snow. The Herse was joined by the rest of the brocks and swept past the infantry in a thunderous gallop. They would reach the hold first, but it would already be too late.

****

In ages past, heroes strong in the hero's caste
Led armies not since amassed
We go

Dwarven Warsmith by Peter Grose

The rangers killed as a distraction at the mountain's base had their bodies thrown into Dar Gaer's three reservoirs. Not that it made any difference. The water had been poisoned, and beyond the skill of the hold's fire priests to counter.

They tried vaporising the water; boiling it and collecting the purified runoff, but to no avail. Whatever the fallen had infected the water with was infused into it thoroughly. When all else failed the fire priests began praying; the universal sign that nothing they could do would help.

While they worked on saving the hold's water supply the enemy worked also. The first sign the southern passes had been blocked was the cessation of supply wagons. The second was the body of the messenger sent to find out why the wagons were late, bisected and pinned to the only carriageway south, a thin dusting of hoar frost covering his naked skin.

Then, winter struck.

What the southern dwarfs had thought was winter - the heaving falls of snow coating the world in shades of white as far as the mountains would allow - was nothing more than a prelude to the ferocious battering the northern Halpis received each year.

Snow filled valleys, reaching almost to the battery windows, required teams of dwarfs to venture outside and dig down the piles. But along with the snow came a temperature drop so harsh uncovered skin froze and split. Dozens of dwarfs were lost as they stepped onto what looked like hard packed snow, only to fall through soft powder into chambers tens of feet deep and freeze to death before they could be dug out.

Some were simply lost; wandering mere yards from their comrades only to lose themselves in sudden snow squalls and wander off away from the hold never to be seen again. Lost, presumably, as the rangers sent to scout the passes and surrounding mountains to try and sight the enemy everyone knew to be out there. Most of those scouts never returned, and those who had did so without once seeing any sign of the fallen in the vicious blizzards which now choked all hope of aid from the south.

They were losing warriors hand over fist, and the enemy had yet to show themselves.

And even then, dwarfs still fell sick from the poisoned water.

Bradwen was one of them.

Jorrin stood over Bradwen's cot, holding a bowl of melted ice for Gruf to rinse the cloth and clean his friend's brow, but Gruf had laid her head on the cot's frame and was sobbing silently.

Whatever unhallowed poison the fallen had infected the reservoirs with it acted quickly on a body once it took hold, voiding the stomach and bowls and leaving the dwarf in excruciating cramps for days. If the fallen had wanted to simply kill their victims they could have done so. This suffering was deliberate. By Gruf's reaction he could only assume the secondary effect of the prolonged shock on the survivors was also by intention.

He had not realised that at some point in their months together Gruf and Bradwen had become more than friends. He wondered if this was why Bradwen's sickness was effecting her more than him. Bradwen's once mighty frame had withered. Now his cheeks sunk until his cheek bones stood out like mountain peaks, his beard was patchy and between the greying bristles the skin was a grey mottle of mortification. He had slipped into merciful unconsciousness, safe from the pain and of Gruf's weeping.

Bradwen was not alone. The vast reserves of coal and firewood was repurposed to melt ice from the glaciers, leaving the hold to slowly descend to freezing temperatures. Ice began to sheen across corridor walls, dwarfs began to cluster around the few fires permitted to burn, and to sleep fully clothed.

Goblin Mawbeast and Handler by Paul Mullis

Even so, the poison seemed to seep into foodstuffs. It struck capriciously and without apparent method. An entire table of dwarfs might eat the same meal, only for two at either end of the table to be struck down. Or one, or none. The result was an uncertainty which leached into the group conscious of the slowly dwindling dwarfs. The survivors began to look upon their fellows, silently wondering whom might be next, and what, if anything, they could do to make sure it was not them.

At some point that night Bradwen died, never having been able to face the enemy who killed him. Something broke inside Gruf and Jorrin, although for different reasons.

****

Tho' death be the wage of honour
We claim the debt as ours to fight for
We go

Medwyn looked bad. Much of the stores which proved to be safe to eat was portioned to the warriors of Dar Gaer in anticipation of the battle which surely must come. It was a hope the entire hold tacitly held. If they had to wait until the spring and the winter's thaw there was every chance none of them may be alive. Their hope lay in battle, and every dwarf there knew it.

That knowledge did not help Jorrin's guilt as Medwyn hobbled between the cannons on the upper north battery, his energy enough to give him movement or balance, not both. To Jorrin's eye the only difference between Medwyn now and Bradwen as he lay in his cot slowly dying was that Medwyn was upright and ambulatory. He kept the observation to himself.

Medwyn looked over a cannon, inspecting the joints. He peered down the barrel then lay his ear flat against it and rapped his knuckles experimentally along its length before standing and cleaning his hands with a rag. "This one."

Jorrin nodded to the soldiers behind him. They approached the gun with axes and began chopping into the frame and lining up the cuts for firewood.

"Be careful with the barrel," said Medwyn. "We might be able to salvage it later."

What later? Jorrin scoffed silently. Out loud, "How many more?"

"From this gallery? Maybe another five. Then of course we'd be better off moving all

Abyssal Dwarf Overmaster by "puggimer"

Dwarven Ironwatch by "SneakyChris"

of the remaining cannons into as few batteries as possible to focus the fire power." He leaned against another cannon and slipped on the ice riming the barrel. It gave a wordless indication of how difficult a job that would be.

"We're leaving ourselves dangerously unprotected," said Medwyn. "The south and east galleries have already been stripped. If they come that way we won't be able to repulse any attacks."

"You and the master ranger shored up the east," said Jorrin. He spoke to Medwyn but his eyes were on the gallery windows. This high up the mountain the wind howled against the gallary's face, scouring the open windows and leaving icicles so thick they had to be hacked down by axes of block the view completely. Outside the blizzard wailed, whipping snow near-horizontally in the night. Jorrin had begun to think of the eternal howling as *the* blizzard. It appeared never to stop and differentiating one devastating storm from the next seemed pointless.

Medwyn's laugh quickly descended into a barking cough. "Firing a single cannon into the ice overhang opposite and dislodging a hundred thousand tons of ice and snow on the valley below?" he shrugged as if it were nothing. "That's good for one shot, and if the entire army isn't caught in the avalanche…" he shrugged again. "And then there's the south."

"They won't come from the south."

"Why won't they?"

How could he say that he just knew? That on a deep level of solid certainty he just

Dwarves and Kingdoms of Men defend a castle by "TSNC"

knew the fallen would not try to retake Dar Gaer through subterfuge? That he just knew with a conviction he could not explain that the fallen, when they came, would come openly and in full force. That it was not just the hold they wanted, not just victory, but the despair of those inside Dar Gaer when they saw that they would lose, as if they drank anguish and would milk the hold's inhabitants of all they could before the end. Instead it was his turn to shrug.

"Well I wish I had your faith," said Medwyn.

Not faith, he thought. *It's been a long time since I had any of that*.

Something out in the valley caught his eye. He stepped toward the window and looked out. The view which only months ago showed a swelling of luscious green hills filled with cattle and summer flowers was now a formless white, half hidden by the storm and the perpetual winter dark. But still, he saw something out there moving through the snow. "I thought the Herse ordered no more snow clearing until the blizzard died down."

"He did." Medwyn joined him the window. "And that's too far out to be for snow clearing."

Medwyn was correct. What Jorrin saw was out far beyond the base of the hold's main northward gate. It was an indistinct form through the storm, but it was an out of place black on a field of white.

And it was moving.

Though nigh shapeless, legs could just be seen stepping out of the snow as the figure walked forward, with difficulty but unceasing.

"Who is that?" said Medwyn.

"No one I know," said Jorrin, for it was a dwarf. The depth of its strides through the snow gave that away. As did the figure behind it.

Jorrin blinked, and looked at Medwyn, but the look on Medwyn's face told him it was not just the strange mirages brought on from looking into endless white for too long.

And then there were more than two. And they were carrying torches, their tips glowing black red and giving out more smoke than light. And then the entire valley was covered from side to side with the advancing line of dwarfs, clad in black and moving through the cold as if born to it, bringing murder in their hearts and the desire to take back what was theirs.

Dwarven Shieldbreaker by "Dusty"

The fallen had returned to Dar Gaer, and their numbers blackened the valley further than Jorrin could see.

****

In time of death and deeds of the mighty
Our smallest sons and daughters will stand
We go

"Fire!"

The hall shook as the gun line unloaded in a single, shockingly loud volley. Despite being in the battlement above, the battery's simultaneous explosion compressed the air in the hold's entrance hall, tightening Jorrin's diaphragm and making his ears pop.

When Jorrin had first seen the gun line it looked like some functioning left-over from of the God War. It was a fitting defence for free clan's newest hold. Half a mountain's worth of ordnance, ready to unleash hell. At the time it seemed an obscene waste of resources, but now it sounded as if the entire battery was firing at once, and he didn't know at what.

Speculation murmured around him, each word's definition lost beneath the secondary battery's pounding and clamorous preparation for battle. Dar Gaer's hall befit the entranceway of the dwarfs of old. It was

a legacy of the time before Winter, when there was peace and time enough to build on such scale. It would welcome kings from other holds, delegates from Mantica's other peoples. The skjalds said on temperate feast days the mammoth doors would be thrown open and the floor would hold a market and fete. Now it held the remains of Dar Gaer's war host, drawn in a line ramrod-straight, facing the barred gateway.

Jorrin looked up at the doors. They were crafted with arts long since gone, when dwarfs worked alongside gods. They looked as immovable as the mountain they were sunk into. But even so, despite the thunder rolling from the immense gun battery and the deceitful chaos of an army readying itself, he thought he could hear something on the other side.

Boom.

"Did you hear that?" When Gruf didn't answer he elbowed her. "Did you hear that?" he said again.

Gruf had been staring wide eyed at the door, repeating something lost beneath the sea of noise. She blinked and looked at him. "What?"

"Something outside the door." She stared at him. Jorrin felt the familiar knot in his stomach, the blend of excited terror which twisted his gut before battle. Gruf should be feeling it too, but her face held more than the fearful embrace of her potential death. "Is something wrong?"

"Lass is ready for a fight!" A thick hand fell on Gruf's shoulder and Herse Baddon stepped through the ranks. The Herse moved between the assembled warriors like an iceberg through a floe, and the tension bled to a level where the worried susurration stopped and all attention fell on Baddon. The Herse was a walking legend; a century of service to the free clans with not a single battle lost. It was Herse Baddon who had stormed Dar Gaer's throne room and bisected the fallen Ironcaster who ruled here, reclaiming the hold once more for all the free clans with a single axe stroke.

It was impossible to feel afraid around Herse Baddon. It was impossible not to be brave.

Abyssal Dwarf Lesser Obsidian Golems by Grant Mahoney

All eyes were on the Herse as he strode before the front rank and looked down on them. "She's not alone, is she? Are you all ready for a fight?" His voice dominated every other noise in the hall and was answered by a hundred more.

Jorrin was amongst them. He beat his axes together and shouted blood oaths to the Herse and to the hold. If he had the time he may have questions his sudden urge to join battle, to wash himself in the thrill of violence. But he was too lost, too excited. He turned to Gruf to fall in time with her own shield blows. But she did not shout. She looked directly at him with an expression he could not read. It was not fear or excitement. Either would be understandable. It was something else.

Boom.

He turned to the door. There it was again. The battery above them unleashed its fury once more, this time in an uneven volley, and now there were shouts among the reports.

No one else seemed to hear. Herse Baddon unslung the great axe from his back and shook loose his long russet hair. Still facing the warriors he said, "We lost too many lads taking this hold to give it up. If those fallen bastards want to try and take it back, let 'em come. We'll show them what the edge of our axes feel like."

The warriors thundered weapons against shields in approval.

Boom.

Dwarven Berserker Hero by Jonathan Faulkes

The clamour stopped and all eyes went to the gate. Everyone heard that. Even Herse Baddon turned. Had it been any other gate it would have rocked under the blow.

Baddon looked at the dwarves and closed his fingers around his axe haft. "No one lives forever, but today is not our day. Are you with me?"

The host roared and even when the door sounded another, louder impact they did not stop.

Dwarven Heroes by Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez

Boom!

Baddon grinned and turned to the gate, which exploded.

One moment the gate was there, then it was not. Forged by gods to withstand their own kind, the gate was built never to move unless opened from inside. Struck by a force so powerful its potential was never conceived, the gate stayed true to its design; it did not open. It simply ceased to be.

Instead millennium-hardened slices of wood cut through the air. Jorrin's reactions were too slow to cover his eyes so he was still looking as a slab of petrified gateway the size of two dwarfs landed on Herse Baddon. The block crushed the Herse and skidded on under its momentum leaving a pink paste of blood and dust smeared across the hall floor.

It was too quick for Jorrin to comprehend, and he was still blinking as two deep red spots hovered into the view in the dust cloud where the gateway had just been. They looked like embers, but did not flow with the disturbed air, instead they grew more intense. It could have been that great braziers were being carried on the shoulders of warriors, were it not for them being seven yards above the ground.

The cloud whorled and bulged as something immense shifted within. Then the dust swelled, split and the two floating points of red lights became blistering eyes as the obsidian golem strode into the hall.

Jorrin looked up at the infernal construct and for the first time knew a fear so pure it overrode his sense of duty and tore at his primeval need to survive.

The golem strode effortlessly over the destroyed gate. Its movements, made deceptively slow by size, cracked and closed fissures across its black skin, gushing smoke at each opening and began to quickly fill the hall's roof. Paint peeled and smouldered where the smoke touched the ancient mural across the ceiling, erasing depictions of dwarven heroism which had endured centuries.

With thoughtless cruelty the golem stepped forward and the rock covering Herse Baddon's body disappeared under one great foot. The golem leaned on that leg and bent forward. When it opened its mouth the furnace inside vented in a bellow of blistering air, it lit the smuts falling from the ceiling until the hall filled with falling stars and the scorching roar of impending death.

Jorrin retained enough sense to take Gruf's hand before he turned, and for the first time since he left his birth hold, ran.

Dwarven Cannon by "ManticFanBoyLAD"

****

In timed past, gods to our side
Strength in arms, before us athanasia
We go

It was not fair, Jorrin thought with a small part of his mind not dedicated to saving his life. Two dozen dwarfs had just performed the single most courageous act he had ever seen. As the golem forced its way into the entrance hall, crushing aside masonry and mountain where its bulk would not fit, an entire wall of Ironguard formed up and locked shields. They were the elite, the veterans who had taken the hold with Herse Baddon. Without a word of command they drew the line to Dar Gaer and tacitly declared they would brook no Abyssal spawn to enter.

Jorrin knew he would remember their expressions, proud and grim, and how the gilt edging to their plate mail reflected the torchlight, and how that armour flew as the golem swept a broken column across their ranks, crushing armour and pulping bones, batting them through the air like skittles.

It wasn't fair, he thought, that those dwarfs had made the ultimate sacrifice and their names would never be known.

Shapes fluttered in the golem's smoke and harpies and other nameless nightmare things burst from the clouds. They flapped to the ceiling and hissed down at the slaughter or fell upon injured dwarfs.

But it was the sound of drums which told Jorrin this fight was over. The rhythmic

beating came in time with the sound of boots and the first row of fallen stepped over the ruined gate. They came in a perfect line, un-bothered by the broken ground they walked across. The front rank as flat as a rule, as empty-eyed and unwavering as the dead. The ranks behind were more fluid as the fallen moved with the dwarfs laying injured from the retreating battleline, and ended their lives with single thrusts to the throat.

Jorrin told himself he didn't run because he was afraid, it was because the battle was lost. The entrance belonged to the fallen now, and it would achieved nothing to stay there and die.

His first thought was to get to the upper gallery. The cannon battery overlooked the northern pass. They could climb out there. If the fallen wanted Dar Gaer let them have it. He could drag Gruf out and they could try and make it over the peak. If they could survive the cold and make it down to the southern meadows they might be able to reach another hold.

The passageway was a confusion of bodies; dwarfs running from the hall, other dwarfs mustering on their way in, calling to make way. He pulled Gruf through the chaos toward the stairway just as a dwarf collapsed backward over the bottom steps and lay still, his body folded around a blade sunk into his belly.

Jorrin looked up into the eyes of another dwarf. He was naked from the waist, cold curled off his pink raw skin in vaporous wisps and his chest heaved with hard breaths. Jorrin belatedly realised that if he thought of getting through the battery turrets then so could someone else.

The fallen berserker threw itself off the steps. Jorrin barely had time to raise his guard. He caught the haft on his forearm, jarring his arm to the shoulder in white pain. He was nearly pulled off balance as the fallen tried to pull back and the back blade caught on his arm.

The panic left him and time seemed to slow. He was no longer running from something beyond his control, *this* was something he knew about. He waited until the fallen tried to yank the weapon back again, and this time allowed the strength in the berserker's pull to add to his own, and he jabbed with his own axe haft into the fallen's face with a gristled crunch. The fallen stumbled back, blood and mucus bubbling from a suddenly-open nose.

Dwarven Warrior by Marcel Popik

The stun was momentary, and the berserker was already beginning the opening chords of a growl when Jorrin kicked it hard in the knee. The kneecap came loose and visibly slid up the thigh, but the fallen dwarf seemed not to notice what had to be excruciating pain. If anything the hate ruling its face twisted more and it growled in a way no dwarf should ever be able to.

But it did notice when it stepped forward and the leg would not straighten. It fell ungainly to the floor, its eyes never leaving Jorrin's own as it went down, spitting venom all the way.

Jorrin did not hesitate. He brought one axe down, driving the blow into the back of the berserker's neck. With a wet snap the fallen dwarf shivered and went still.

He had to put his boot to the fallen's corpse to yank the blade free, and when it did he was surprised at the pleasure he took in the sucking noise as it pulled from the wound. So much so he almost did not here Gruf's voice.

"Jorrin." It was full of worry, causing him to look above them up the stairs the fallen berserker had come down.

Around the corner torchlight cast the shadows more of figures. They did not move with the panicked, headlong run of dwarfs in flight; they came with purpose and numbers. At the same time the tide of dwarfs into the entrance ceased. No more reinforcements came from other parts of the hold to secure the breach, and the only noise from the entrance hall was the mass of stone upon stone. No calls in dwarvish, no rallying blare of horns.

Dwarven Warsmith by Peter Grose

Jorrin took Gruf's hand and ran deeper into the hold.

****

Our land our homes, beyond value in gold
Are worth more than lives yet unborn, so
We go

The cold cut to his bones. Jorrin had never noticed it before. He had been born a dwarf, had spent the decades of his adolescence exploring what the free clans had to give to him; he had been sixty when he saw the sun for the first time and felt warmth on his skin which did not come from one of a hold's great forges. The piercing air of the tunnels had been his lifelong companion, so familiar he had only ever noticed its absence.

Abyssal Dwarf Halfbreeds by "puggimer"

But not now.

He raised his hand before his face and flexed the fingers in experiment. Scars crosshatched the skin, faded white ones earned over years, and red, still weeping ones from… more recently. Used, yes, but not old. Not old enough to account for the icy tendrils he could almost see fingering around his joints, making them ache and slow.

It was not age that made Jorrin abruptly aware of the cold. It was time, and how little he had of it left.

When you know you're going to die you begin to appreciate everything around you in a perfect clarity. It was odd the sagas mentioned nothing of it.

He wondered if anyone else around the fire were going through the same revelation.

Gruf looked into the fire, but she was not seeing the flames. She looked more than beaten; she looked empty.

After they fled from the upper gallery they had quickly run into other dwarfs, all retreating from the advancing line of fallen and their Abyssal beasts. There had been panic, and most were running to the south, hoping to find a way through the main entrance there and escape. But as Jorrin knew the fallen would not attack that way, he also knew they would not leave it unguarded. To leave through the south would be to walk to their deaths.

Medwyn and Cledwyn they had literally run into. They came from another gallery, colliding with Jorrin has they darted from

another staircase. They had fallen in line behind Jorrin, trusting in their friend's instinct as he lead them away from the common flow of bodies fleeing south and up to the eastern battery, where Medwyn had primed a single cannon to fire into a vast snowbank overhanging the valley.

The eastern pass was too deep and too narrow for a serious attacking force, or to allow an escape.

But if that valley was filled with snow….

Now the brothers sat together, their shoulders touching. Until recently they'd been arguing, the bickering of siblings' impenetrable language. Since the attack their words had turned sharp and empty until they petered away to the silence laying between them now.

And then there was Rhun. It did not seem right to call him 'master ranger' now there were no rangers for him to be master of.

Rhun had come to them as Jorrin did his best to protect Medwyn and Cledwyn as they prepared the cannon in the eastern battery to fire. Gruf had leant against a wall. She wore the dazed look of those deep in shock, leaving Jorrin stand alone at the stairway's top, facing the fallen as they plied their way up the steps to get at them.

He had enjoyed that. It was straightforward; fight, protect, live. He spun like a dancer, making his two axes do the work of four. No

Dwarven Ironwatch defending a castle wall by "SneakyChris"

foot placed by the fallen on the top step was followed by another as he answered each body with a blade.

Jorrin did not question this. He did not question the skill as each of his blows found their targets, the strength he could put into each strike, or the lusty cries he met each new challenger with. There simply was not time, just as there was not time for him to wonder at the sight of the figures climbing the steps to meet him. Dwarfs like him, yes, but not so. The pallor of their skin, the hatred in their eyes as they came to deliver death to him. It was not the way someone could ever be and still claim themselves to be dwarf.

But as tireless as he felt to be he knew he was exhausting himself. Each blow landed with less force than the last, each fallen made it one step higher than their predecessor. Behind him Medwyn and Cledwyn sweated priming a cannon intended for a team of four. He would run out of time before they were finished.

And then Rhun arrived. The press of fallen on the steps contracted and then burst as Rhun carved his way through. He vaulted fallen, using their ponderous black armour as handholds to jump one before planting

The Dwarves try to defend a castle wall against the Undead hordes by "TSNC"

his axe in the back of another. He arrived at the stair's top without a word or nod to Jorrin, and then turned to join him in holding back the tide.

When it came, the cannon's firing was as welcome as it was thunderous. Jorrin's vision shook and his hearing left him, returning slowly in tinny inclinations. But the report was nothing to the roaring of a hundred thousand tons of snow crashed into the valley outside.

Jorrin would have liked to see that, but the fallen did not stop coming, only slowed due to the mound of their own bodies they had to force a breach over. Jorrin kept fighting and was still swinging when Rhun grabbed the back of his tunic and hurled the two of them through the gallery window and into a bed of soft snow far below.

Goblin Sneek by Darren Lysenko

Now Rhun paced just beyond the firelight's reach, as if he guarded them against the immeasurable darkness beyond. In the vast hall they camped in his was the only movement. Even now when they had run out of places to go the ranger needed to move. They had climbed up the valley, using the fallen snow to reach above the gallery they fled from, re-entering Dar Gaer at levels higher than Jorrin knew existed.

Rhun did. He explained how the highest and lowest levels had been blocked while the hold's population was low. Less space to have to defend. It made tactical sense, but Jorrin could hear the bitterness edging Rhun's words at plans that would never bud. This part of the hold bore little resemblance to the halls Jorrin had come to know. Those had looked clean and new to his eye, and when he saw the soot-blackened motifs and sigils carved into the walls here he suspected the walls below had been purposefully scraped clean until only flat, virgin stone showed.

In the vast hall they came to was one unbroken wall which curved in an arc. It seemed to tell a story of the sky and the earth. Creatures of a size he could not imagine crawled from fissures in the ground to do battle with beings of equal size falling from the skies. Jorrin found himself walking the wall's length allowing his hand to run over the pictorial narrative, engrossed in the story. Rhun's snapped order for him to stop broke the spell, leaving Jorrin riled. He'd wanted to see the story's end, had suspected the creatures from the fissures would defeat those from the air, and who was Rhun to order him? He bore no authority anymore, not over Jorrin.

Gruf slumped. She was leaning forward, elbows on knees, and she slipped from them. The near fall seemed to shake her

Abyssal Dwarf army by Grant Mahoney

awake, and she mumbled something about being tired. As she resumed her position she brushed the hair away from her face and Jorrin caught a glimpse of the skin on her neck; patches of mottled grey, reaching from beneath her collar to up behind her ear.

Anyone who'd seen the unfortunates who had contracted the poison from the befouled water could never forget the dappling of greens and greys which would slowly claim more of the victim's skin as the contagion killed them from inside out.

Jorrin wondered if Gruf knew, and decided against saying anything. It would change nothing.

"Flame *take it!*" Rhun struck his axe against a pillar as his pacing finally gave up to frustration. The pillar looked as if it might have been wood once, but entropy had done its work over an age and the axe may have well struck rock, and the blow rang shot-loud out passed their small ring of flames to be lost in the vast darkness.

The others jumped. Jorrin just watched.

"We could go back," said Cledwyn. The weakness of his delivery gave away how much hope he had in suggestion.

"We'd die," said Rhun.

"If we stay here we die," Cledwyn replied.

"Not as quickly," Rhun shook his head. "Dar Gaer will be crawling with those Abyssal bastards. At least alive we can do something."

"Like what?" Cledwyn's response was short, and he snapped off the words with hot anger. "Do you have some idea of us waging a war on the fallen alone? There're five of us, and only three of you are fighters. And where else can be go?"

Rhun closed his eyes before he answered, taking a dep breath, gathering his thoughts and his patience. "There are peaks above us. They go to the east and south…"

"Above us?" Cledwyn cut him off with a laugh. "A mountain top in midwinter, in these?" He pulled at his tunic."

"We may not have a choice," said Jorrin. "The fallen know we are here. They will not let us rest. Not while we may live."

Cledwyn stood and paced around the fire, never once letting his eyes drift from Jorrin. "And how do you know that? You seem suddenly filled with knowledge about these monsters."

"They're not monsters. They were dwarf once, like you or I."

"Dwarf? Dwarf!? They did not look like any dwarf I know. They didn't look us, smell like us…" he slowed and when he spoke he looked at Jorrin as if through a new light, "… move like us."

Before Jorrin could ask what he meant Medwyn slumped forward. Jorrin hadn't noticed that Medwyn had not moved when his brother stood. Now he pitched down, striking the ground with his forehead and did not move.

Cledwyn was by his brother's side in an instant, and Jorrin and Rhun both moved forward, but stopped before they were near. They had both seen death often enough to know its signature.

"Medwyn…" Cledwyn held his brother. Medwyn did not answer. Did not move. He laid limp in Cledwyn's arms, mouth agape, eyes closed. Grey mottling covered his neck. Rhun set his jaw, picked up his axe and said, "We move now. They're still settling in down there. We could reach their Ironcasters before they're properly defended."

"No," said Jorrin. He was looking down at Medwyn. Cledwyn was silently weeping, calling his brother's name plaintively as if he could wake him.

"What?" said Rhun.

Dwarven Brock riders by Jonathan Faulkes

"I said no. This isn't our war anymore. This isn't even a war. Wars can be won, this is suicide. We'll take the pass."

Rhun stood taller and eyed Jorrin. "I gave you an order."

Jorrin shook his head. "You have no authority over me."

"Like hell!"

Jorrin finally turned to Rhun. When he spoke he made sure to look him directly in the eye. "Gruf and I are taking the pass."

"I said like hell!" The last word was accompanied by Rhun's axe carving the air. Jorrin's two axes caught the blow. He had not even realised he had pulled them free.

Rhun's next blow came from below, and his knee took Jorrin in the gut, knocking the wind from his chest and forcing him to release his axe. Instinctively Jorrin fell back and felt rather than saw the axe pass within inches of his face. He blinked back tears, took another step back and heard the whistle as Rhun's blade split the air just over his head.

Without knowing why he dropped to one knee and crossed the two axes above his head, and was not entirely surprised to feel the ranger's axe meet his guard with a ring and a shower of sparks.

When he opened his eyes they were free of tears, and he felt as if he could see everything in perfect clarity for the first time. Run was drawing back his axe for another blow, an overhead chop that could split lumber. Jorrin watched as the ranger put his whole body into the swing, driving the blade down with terrible accuracy.

Then Jorrin simply stepped aside.

It was absurdly simple. He saw the move, and reacted. Never mind the axe was moving fast enough to sing, Jorrin sidestepped like it was a dance partner, and was at Rhun's side.

Dwarven Brock Riders by Jose Chasco Manuel Gonzalez

Rhun's eyes when wide, realisation at what the move meant mixed with the disbelief that it happened at all.

Dwarven Warriors by "ManticFanBoyLAD"

Jorrin struck. No time for kindness; a killing blow to the back of the neck, and Rhun, master ranger of Dar Gaer, fell.

The world sped up to match Jorrin's senses. He was breathing hard, looking down at Rhun's body, elation at the kill coursing through his veins. He remember the other two. Cledwyn Still held his brother's unmoving form, but looked at Jorrin with undisguised fear. Gruf had not looked up and had begun swaying slightly.

Without a word Jorrin took Gruf's hand and led her towards the exit, and the pass to the south.

****

Armoured mighty with weapons righteous
To reclaim our homes and, with them, ourselves
We go

Even the harshest icy valley wind could never had prepared him for the blasts of frozen air at the mountain's peak. It felt as if the wind were trying to strip the skin from his bones.

Jorrin struggled into that wind; so strong snow did not settle, instead ice pooled in hollows, as hard as the rock around them. All was rock and ice and the endless, oncoming cold. Gruf hung from his shoulder in an increasingly dead weight, stumbling where she could no longer hold herself up.

She faltered again, near dragging him down with her, but he held them both and moved on.

"No."

It was the first thing Gruf had said in hours, surprisingly strong for the way she clearly was, and what strength she had left fought against his helping her.

He acquiesced and lowered her down. She tried to lay on the bare rock, and Jorrin stopped her, laying her head on his lap and sitting so his back took the wind's brunt.

She breathed hard at her exertion for a moment, swallowed dryly, then opened ice-rimed eye lids to look at him. "Where are we?" she managed.

"I don't know," he said flatly.

Dwarven Stone Priest by Peter Grose

"Why is it so cold?" She spoke in a sorrowful innocence like a child who did not understand. Numbed by cold into mental numbness or the poison in her blood bringing on a dementia. It could be either, and it did not matter. Something broke inside Jorrin and he began to weep, the tears freezing to his cheeks immediately. Without realising it he had attached Gruf's survival to his salvation, the reclamation of his soul.

Without it, without her, he may as well lay down on the mountain top and die.

"I'm cold," Gruf said in a faraway voice. "Can you bring me a blanket?"

"No," he said between sobs. "I'm afraid I can't."

"Ask Bradwen. Tell him to come here. I have something to tell him."

Jorrin let go then. He wept for his friends, for Gruf. But not for himself.

"I'll tell him," he said.

Gruf smiled and closed her eyes. "Thank you."

He stroked the side of her face. As he watched he could see the grey mottled finger its way up her skin, reaching over her lower jaw. At each pulsing growth she breathed in sharply.

"Close your eyes and go to sleep," he said. "I'll wake you when Bradwen comes."

Her smile broadened. He began to sing his Song to her. The second one, the one he'd written since he decided he would try to live. Each word felt a lie, but he thought it more soothing, and within moments Gruf fell asleep.

Slowly, careful to wake her, Jorrin pulled the axe from his holster and, before he could change his mind for what needed to be done, cut her throat.

He sat there for a long time, just cradling her head, the only sound the wind's howl and the only movement the snow whipping over rocks. He had no tears left. He had nothing left worth saving. He had come to Dar Gaer to die and fate had cruelly dangled salvation within arm's reach only to snatch it away.

Then he began to sing his old Song. It felt the right thing to do. His soul was gone. He

had tried to reclaim it, and failed. He could at least mourn it while he was able

He felt them arrive. Nothing could have been heard beneath the wind's piercing whistle and his head was lowered, but he knew they were there. They brought a kind of negative emptiness with them, it surrounded them like a miasma.

He looked up. Their shapes could be seen in in the blizzard. They circled him, but made no move to approach. He recognised their silence for what it was. They offered blessed oblivion, an eternal insensibility in return for his servitude. All he had to do was say the word.

He looked about him. They had many names, these souls lost to the Abyss. *Fallen* was the least blasphemetic, but perhaps the most accurate. They had fallen in life.

Just like him.

He stood, careful to lay Gruf's head as gently onto the bare rock as he could, and walked towards them. The fallen opened their ranks to him, and as he walked, closed behind him.

The End

If you liked that story, check out information regarding Michael's new novel on page 113▪

Abyssal Dwarf Decimators by "puggimer"

WALL UP!

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.

The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.

The other tools all modelers have at home:

- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

And endless imagination!"

Peter's other notes for this build:

"This used mdf desk board for the base, HD styrene for the walls, acrylic paint, a bit of static grass, and two little pinetrees"

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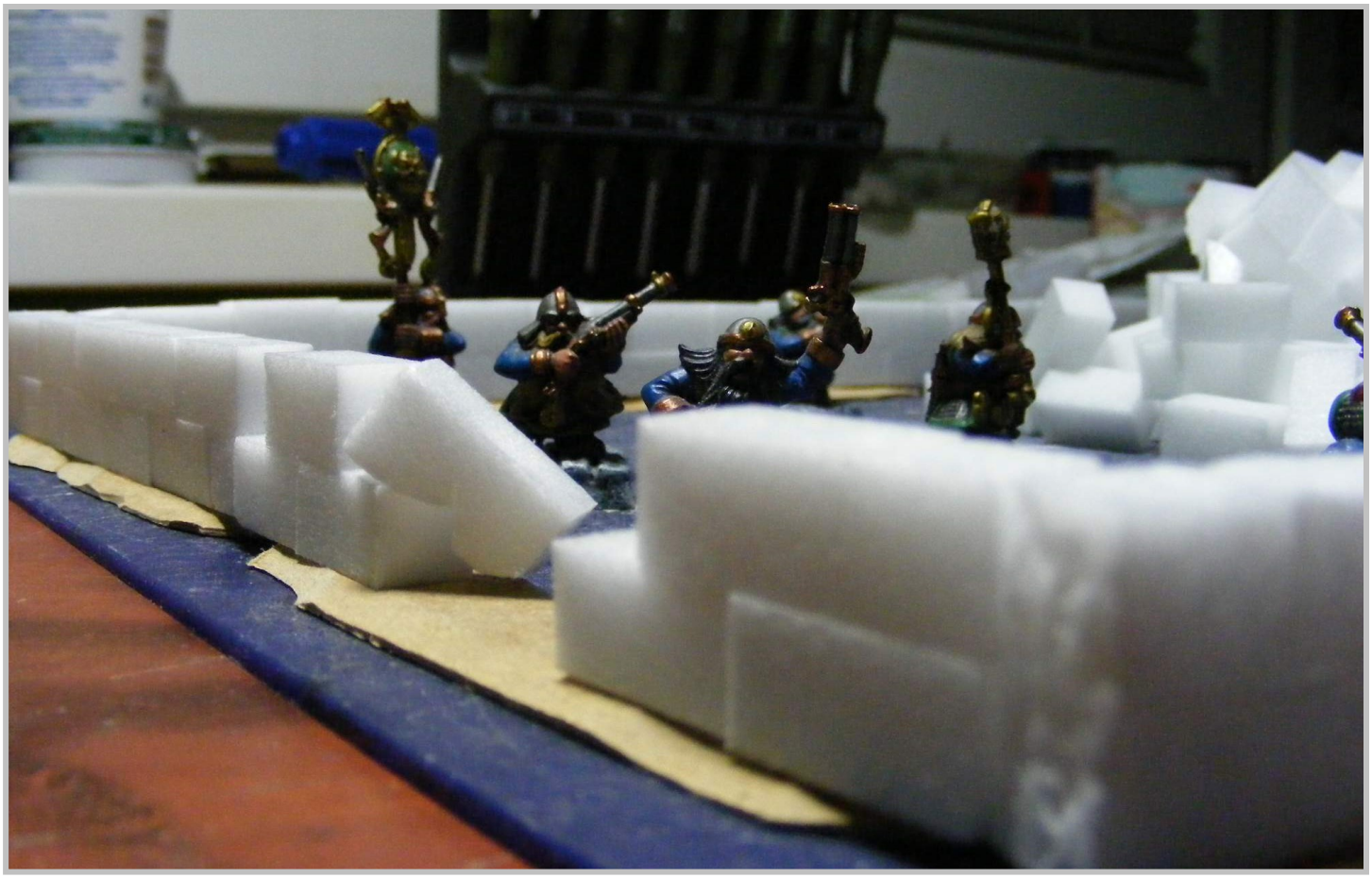
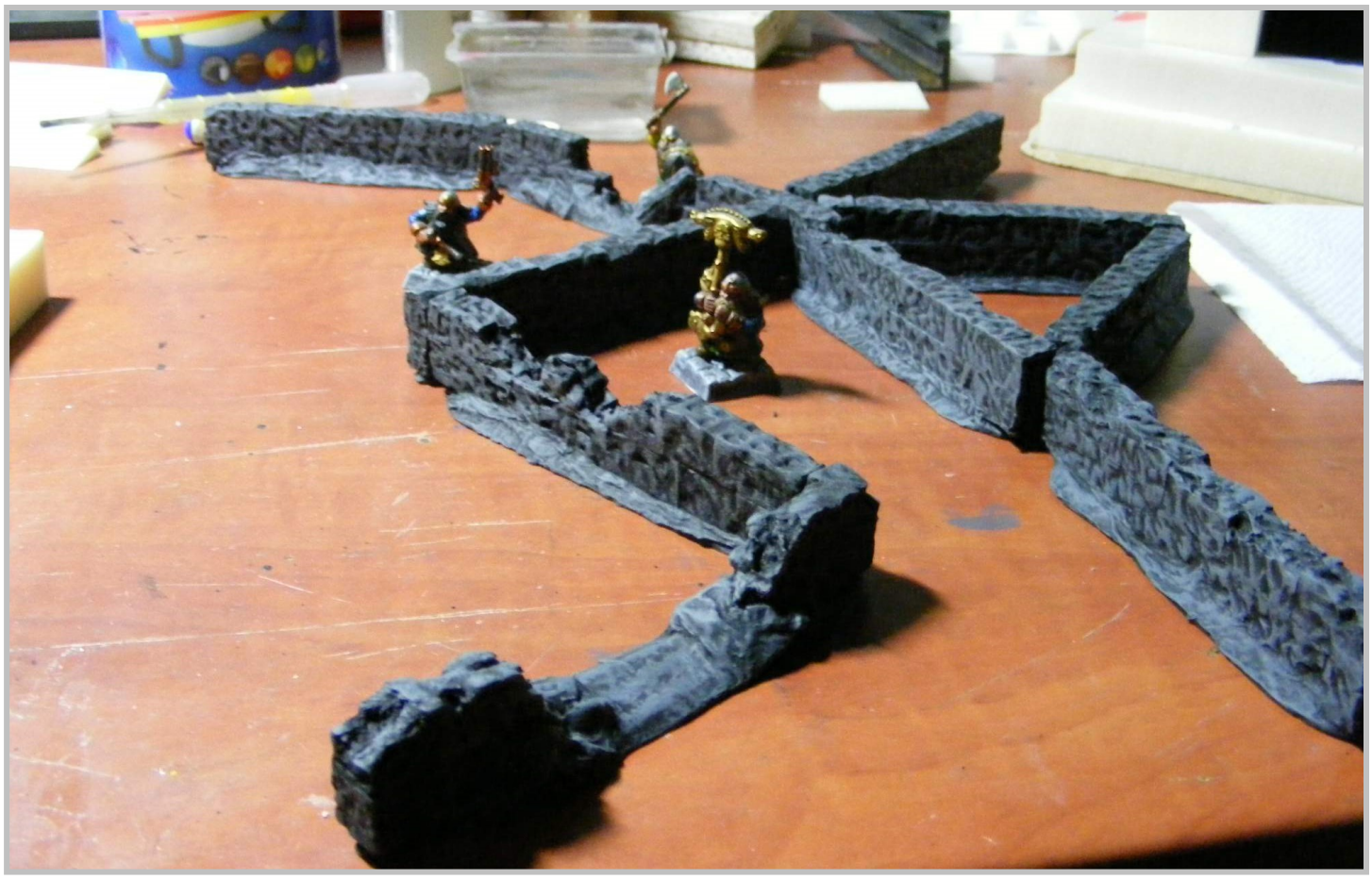
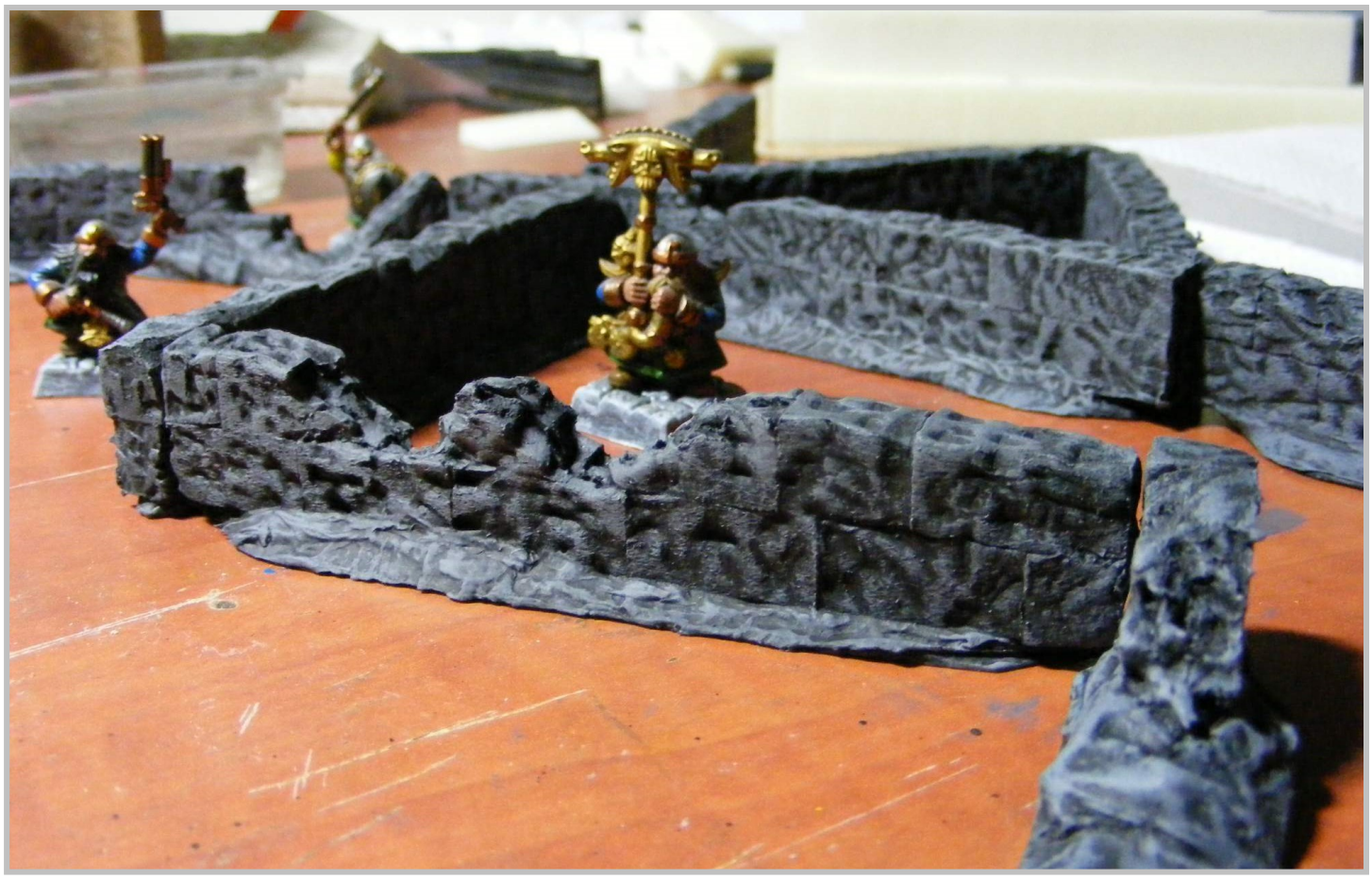
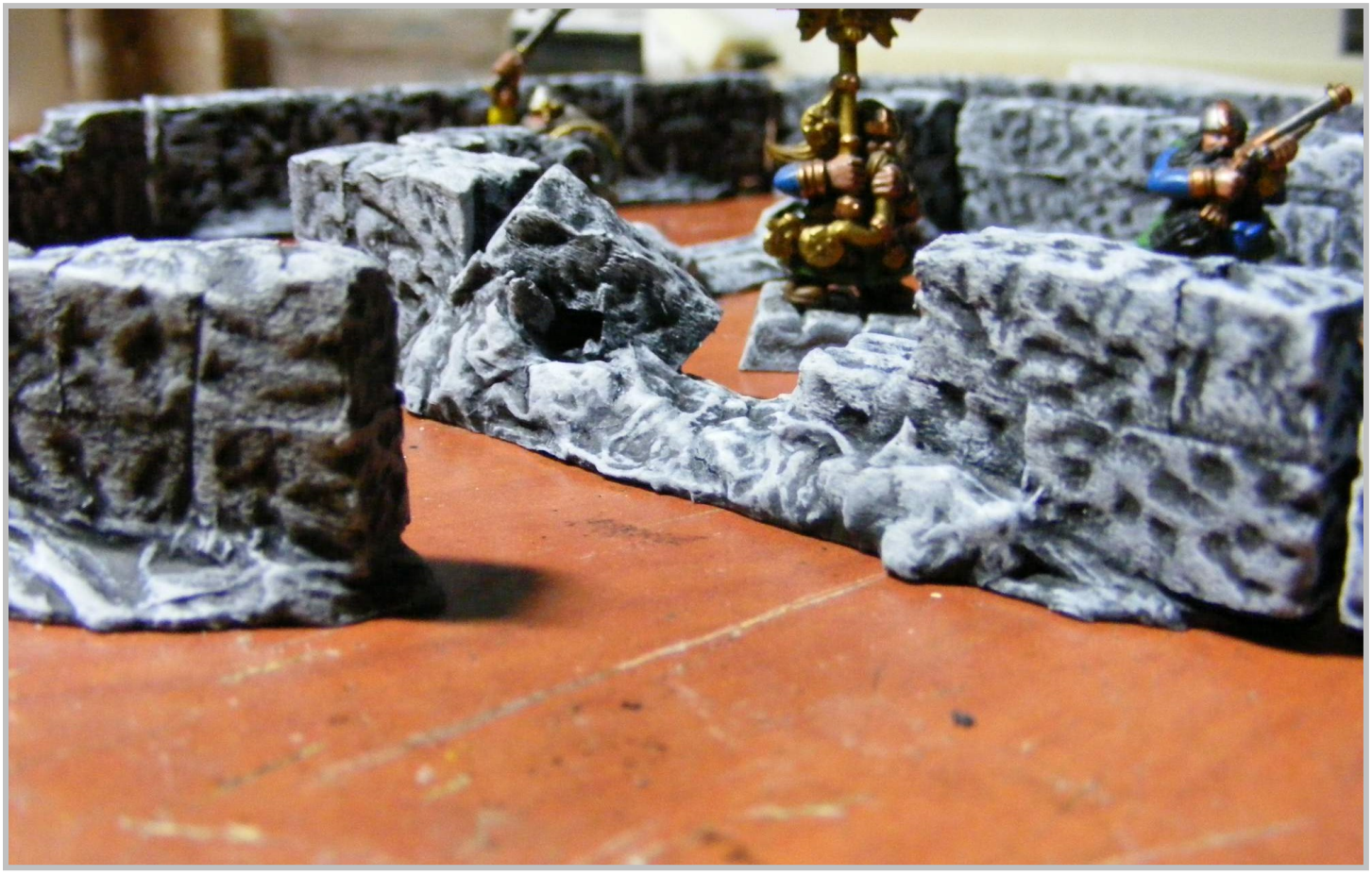
MARINES

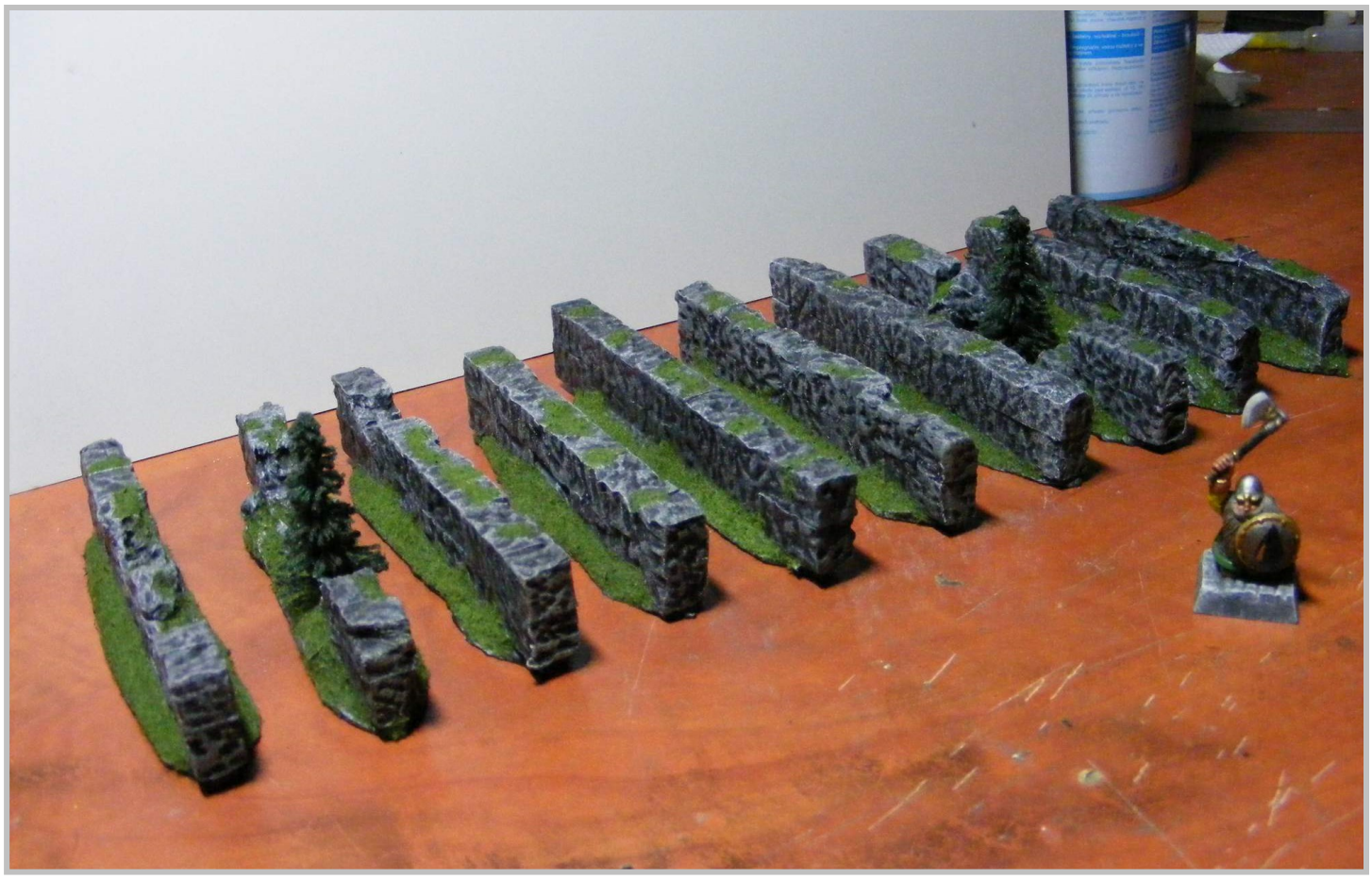


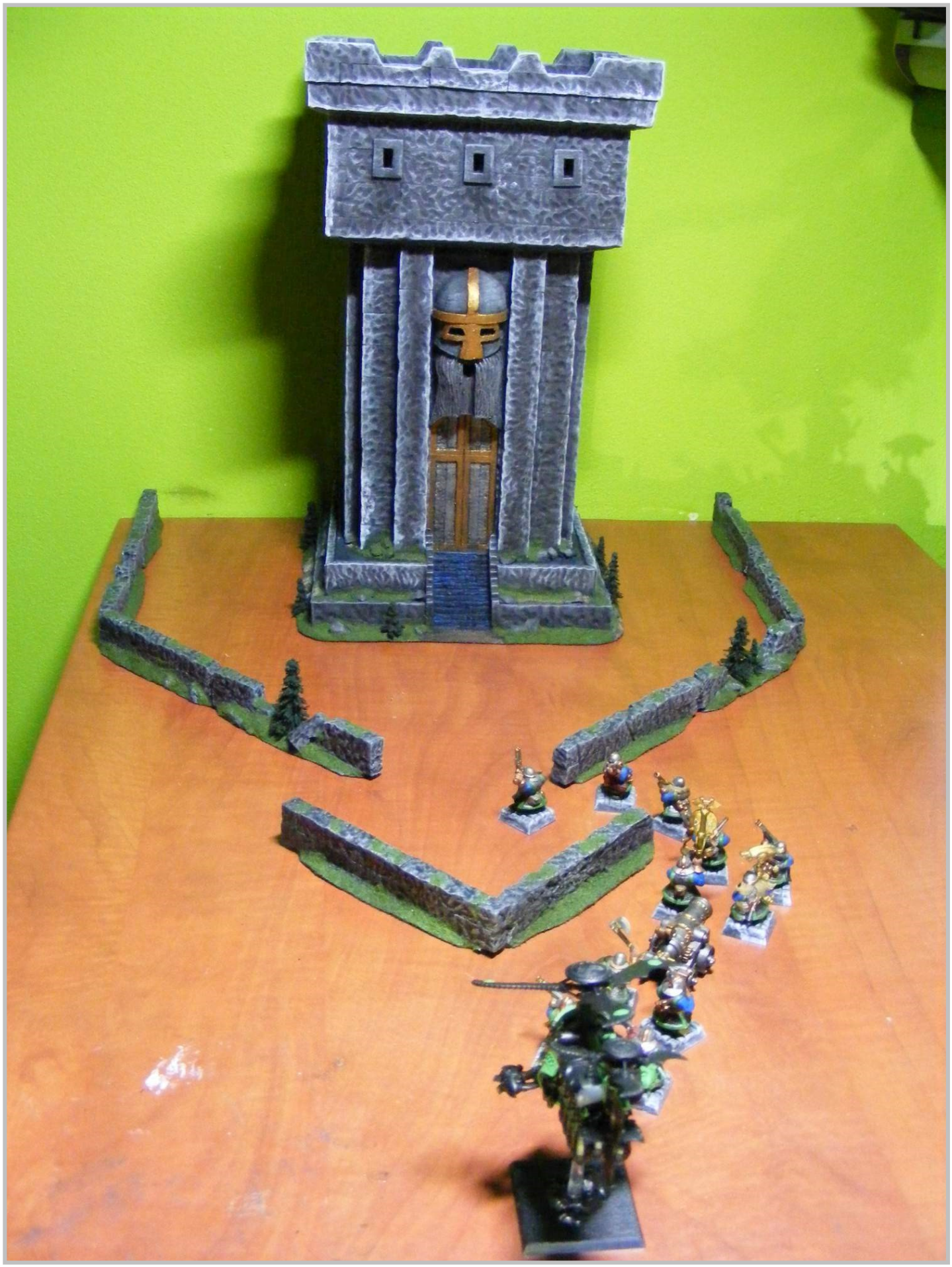


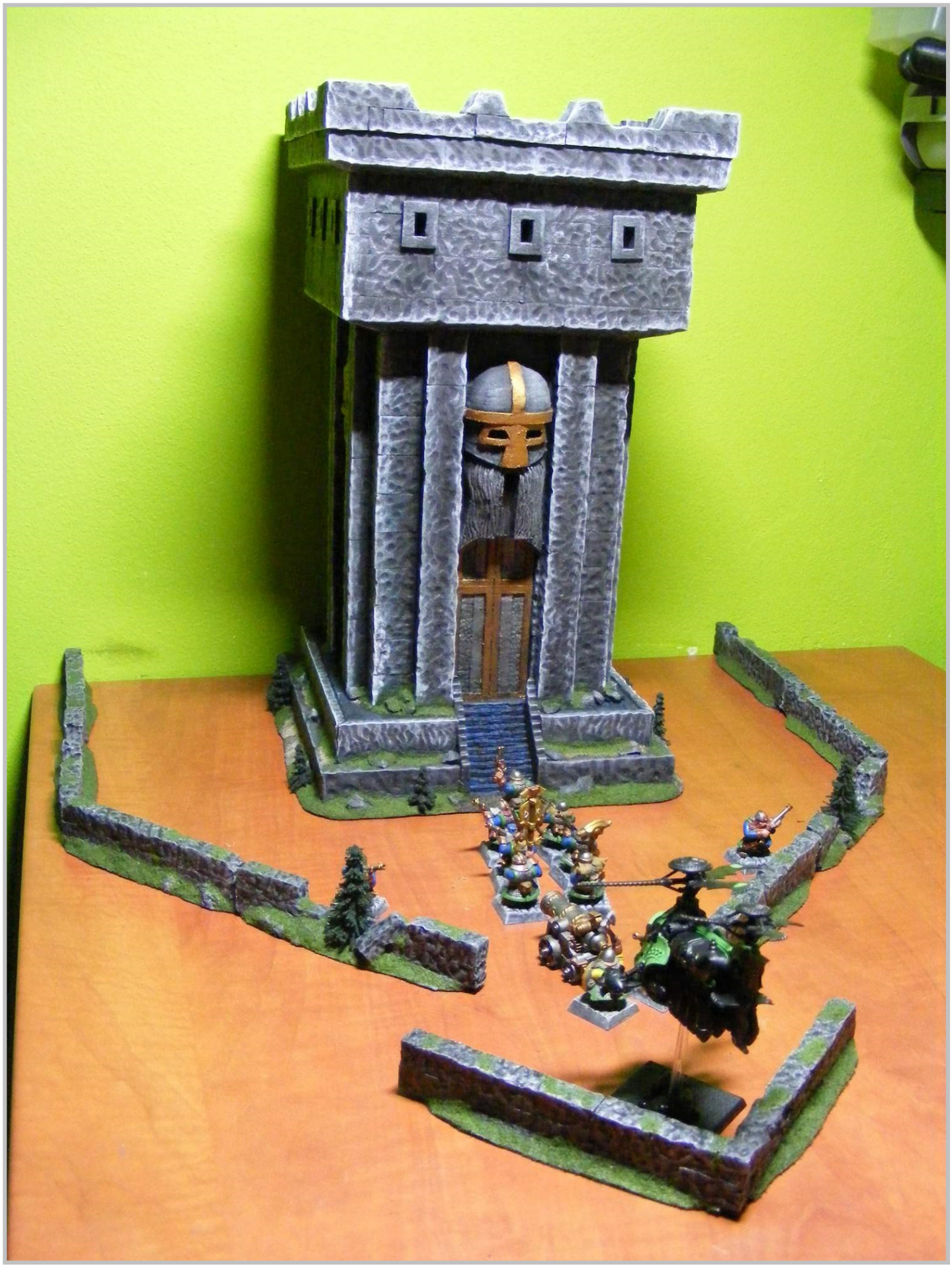


ALARM ON/OFF









Basilean Paladins by Andre Kritzinger

WE WERE SISTERS, ONCE

By Austin Peasley

This is a pair of Patrons and their associated adventures for Dungeon Saga games. While this can be enjoyed with just a basic Dungeon Saga set, we strongly advise using the rules from the Adventurer's Companion to make the most of these scenarios.

Warning: Most of the adventures here use and remix the maps and other information from the Adventures in the Dwarf King's Quest booklet. If you don't wish to have them spoiled, please play through and enjoy the Dwarf King's Quest set of Adventures before using this supplement.

The Human

The woman before you picks up a decanter, limping slightly from where her peg leg touches the remains of her knee. She notices your stares, and chuckles. "Ah, that old injury. I used to be a poet before I took a Mawbeast to the knee, and the damned beastie would have had that much more of me if it hadn't been for...her."

She glances out the window, looking as if she could see through the various stumpy buildings and outhouses and factories belching smoke from smelting iron and cutting lumber, past a hundred inns, blacksmiths, and to the distant fortified training school of her nemesis. Briefly, the banner of the woman before you flutters

against the window: White and blue stripes, flashing with color against the grey sky.

She turns around, taking a sip of the liquor before clearing her throat. "In any case, the matter of my old "partner" needs to be addressed, and with a certain finality I'm sad to say. After...after our parting of ways, I know she will settle for little short than my steaming corpse, and I'd very much like to avoid that without fleeing or discarding all that I am and have accomplished."

She looks you dead in the eyes, and you can see the steel in her gaze, her voice clear and firm despite her years. "I need you to kill her, and to do that you'll need a handsome list of artefacts to overcome the boons the gods and simple damned luck have graced that dwarf with if you have a hope of succeeding. Here's the list; I will be watching your progress with great interest."

Dwarven Warsmith by Pater Grose

And with that, you are politely but firmly shunted out of your new patron's quarters and down to the main body of her spacious shop. Wares for all adventurers and craftsmen line the walls, and the unnatural sparkle of magic betrays the exquisite value and utility of many of them. You idly wonder how many of them were spoils of some looted tomb or plundered dragon trove as you return to the streets outside.

The Dwarf

The squat dwarf before you chuckles, running a thumb over the edge of a battleaxe the size of her broad chest before looking you all over. She appears to pay no heed to the bead of crimson blood the edge drew, and instead begins pacing the room, her voice low but clear. In the background, the shouts of trainers and mentors can be heard, as raw pupils are whipped into shape as warriors for hire.

With a humming noise, she hefts the axe as if it was a mere stick, pointing the head of it with a steady hand towards the window. Past it, you have heard others mention on the other side of the city, is the luxurious warehouse of a shop owned by this dwarf's "betrayer," as she terms the human. She squints, and spits into a bucket in a corner of the room before addressing you.

"That...that filth who lied to me, who left me when my need was most; She is the human you will bring me the head of."

The fire in her voice fades slightly, and she continues while looking at you, her voice rueful as she lowers the axe and runs her hand through her uneven hair. Looking closely, it appears she may have had a single coiffed mohawk, although the hair surrounding it has grown in and reduced it to little beyond a barely-noticeable ridge. While the color has faded from the vibrant orange you can tell it was once dyed to a fiery gold-brown instead.

"Despite this, the scum cannot be assassinated, as even her betrayal does not deem dirtying a blade with her tainted blood. Instead, you will be tasked with slaying her with despair; I have acquired a ledger of sources she hopes to tap for sating her greed, " she says, handing you a crumpled sheet of parchment before resting her hand on the gilded head of her axe. "You are to venture here, and deprive him of these sources: Destroy her livelihood, her spirit, and her frail and failing body will soon follow."

With that, she gives you a wave to dismiss you, before going to stare out the window, hands crossed behind her back. The breath of cold air outside is brisk and refreshing compared to the barracks, framed by banners of vibrant orange covered in black and gold dwarven runes, and you begin to decipher the scribbled writings on the note given by your new patron.

Undead and Necromancer by Christian Schlumpberger

You and your fellow companions should choose which patron you are now working under, as this will affect how certain scenarios play out.

These games use the Experience rules from the back of the Dwarf King's Quest booklet. If you are using the Adventurer's Companion, ignore this and use the standard rules for Gold and Glory.

Please note that Damage does not get removed between adventures, but can be removed by some adventure roll results. Players may also retain any Magic Items gained during or after Adventures between the Adventures themselves.

If a player is crippled, they can participate in later adventures but count as starting with 4 Damage unless healed. If all players are Crippled in a single Adventure, they must slink back to town and recover; Discard all Magic Items and Experience (Or Gold for those using the Adventurer's Companion) the player has accumulated, but remove all Damage on them before rolling for their next Adventure.

To determine your next adventure, roll a d66: To do this, roll a d6, and count this as the 10s, and roll a second d6 for the 1s. In this way, a roll of 3 and 4 would be a result of 34. In some cases, you may roll for several adventures before setting foot in a dungeon!

If you successfully complete an Adventure, you gain 1 Favor with your Patron and a random Magic Item drawn from the deck, while losing an Adventure earns you only 1 Disgrace and a single Experience point (Or a Gold for the Adventurer's Companion). Once you receive 6 Favor or 6 Disgrace, refer to the appropriate section for your Patron after the Patron Roll table. In either case, if you roll an Adventure you have been on already

Kings of War Bug army by Daniel King

Orc Kudger on Gore by Darren Lysenko

for the Patron Roll table, roll again.

For an Adventure, use the Magic Items listed as normal (This is equipment borrowed from your Patron's stores), as well as any Magic Items you gained through completing Adventures. After the Adventure is over, you must return all of this borrowed equipment to the Magic Item deck.

Patron Roll results:

11: *The ancient library is a repository for the location of treasures as well as artefacts. While those working for the Dwarf need to simple recover an old book of treasure locations and escape before the library collapses, the Human patron has instructed you search the undead here for the scattered Grey Gem of the Rat-Sages, which was shattered and spread amongst the undead guardians of the library.*

Undead Zombies by Guiseppe Aquino

Using Adventure B, with the changes noted below:

Place all 4 heroes on a 2x2 square adjacent to the standard deployment area for the 2 heroes for this Adventure. Instead of placing the Skeleton Warriors, place Piles of Bones in their alcoves, and 2 more Piles of Bones in the remaining empty alcoves (The ones not containing the first Door). After the first door is unlocked, at the end of each of the Overlord's turns thereafter, roll a die. On a roll of 6, remove the tile farthest from the door marked X on the map (Count the tiles to determine which this is; In the case of a tie, the Heroes choose which tile is removed). All Heroes on a removed tile are immediately Crippled.

If your Patron is the Human: Keep track of your Gem Fragments found with a spare die, starting at 0. Each time you destroy a Skeleton, a room tile is removed, or on each turn after the door marked X is open, you find a Gem Fragment and increase the die by 1. You win if you find 6 Fragments before the Overlord runs out of cards.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win if you open the door marked X. However, all Ward values for doors are doubled.

12: *Your patron calls in some favors, and a Dwarven Gyrocopter comes to spirit you off to the location of your next adventure.*

You may reroll the 1s die of your next d66 Patron Roll. If your patron is the Dwarf, you may reroll either or both dice instead.

13: *In your travels, you find a small settlement, where you can purchase food, drink, and lodgings before continuing.*

Heal 1 Damage.

Adventurer's Companion: In addition, you may visit a single Location, exactly as per step 4 for Downtime. However, do not use any location cards other than the Market and Market.

14: *A wild monster attacks, and you are forced to flee from it as fast as your legs will carry you.*

Each player rolls as many dice as their Hero's Speed. If you do not get at least one 6 result, the Hero takes 1 Damage.

15: *While at a nearby tavern, you regale the crowd with your tales and adventures under your patron's leadership*

Gain 1 Experience. If your patron is the Human, gain 2 Experience instead.

Adventurer's Companion: Gain Gold instead of Experience.

16: *A dwarven tomb contains a magical artefact said to have been stolen from the gods of the dwarves themselves. Retrieving it from where it was hidden will surely earn the favor of the gods to remove their blessing placed on your patron's nemesis should you work for the Human, while those working for the Dwarf have been sent to quell the restless dead within the halls.*

Using Adventure A, with the changes noted below:

Place all 4 heroes on a 2x2 square adjacent to the standard deployment area for the 2 heroes for this Adventure. Instead of placing the Skeleton Warriors and Piles of Bones, instead place 4 Dwarf Revenants, 2 in the nearest 2 alcoves and 2 in the farthest 2 alcoves.

Play using the normal Overlord commands and card count, but place the Graves of our Ancestors card to one side: When at least half of the Dwarf Revenants have been Boned or Destroyed, the Overlord may immediately play this card as if it was in their hand. They may only use Raise Dead to summon Dwarf Revenants for this Adventure.

If your Patron is the Human: You win by reaching and opening the door at the end of the hallway before the Overlord runs out of cards.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win if all Undead on the map are Destroyed and/or Boned (You do not lose if the Overlord runs out of cards)

21: *An ancient ancestral tomb has had rumors reaching your patron of dark powers disturbing its depths. The Dwarven patron seeks that you venture and investigate the tomb to ensure it has not been disturbed, while the Human patron would have you seek out and recover the magical weapons stored therein.*

This uses Adventure 1, with the following changes:

Do not place any Piles of Bones. Instead of placing the regular models, place a Wraith at each location you would normally place a

Undead Skeleton by "imm0rtal reaper"

Skeleton Warrior, Skeleton Archer, Zombie, or Armored Zombie. During this game, the Raise Dead spells by the Overlord can be used to raise Wraiths only.

If your Patron is the Human: You win by reaching and opening the door marked X before the Overlord runs out of cards.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win if you open the first non-warded red door, and then return to the righthand Heroes' starting location (The one for the Dwarf and Barbarian heroes) before the Overlord runs out of cards.

22: *Your patron directs you to the location of a dwarven brewery, where you can gather information and slake your thirst.*

You may turn in 1 Experience token to remove 1 Damage. If your patron is the Dwarf, the first damage removed this way costs no Experience. If your patron is the Human, the first damage removed this way costs 2 Experience instead.

Adventurer's Companion: The same as above, except spending Gold to remove Damage instead of Experience.

23: *Dark magics infest the local area, and cause your very shadows to rise up and try to strike blows at you!*

Each player makes a single attack against themselves exactly as they would for Melee, ignoring all Abilities but applying Armor as normal.

Undead Wraiths by Jim Kew

Forces of Nature Wizard by Jonathan Faulkes

24: *Your map from your patron marks an elven glade ahead. There, the reclusive mage offers you a mild enchantment for your boots, in payment for a debt owed to your master.*

The first time your Hero moves in the next Adventure in a dungeon or otherwise uses their Speed in any way, they count it as being +1 higher than it is.

25: *With a word of warning, your patron loans you a potent spellbook, cautioning you to use the contents wisely in your next mission.*

Shuffle all of the spell cards, and draw a Spell. If you are a Spellcaster, you may use that Spell as if it were one of your own as normal; If you are not a Spellcaster, you may use the spell once during the next Adventure. In either case, discard the Spell after the next Adventure. If your Patron is the Human, draw 2 Spells and pick 1 to use instead.

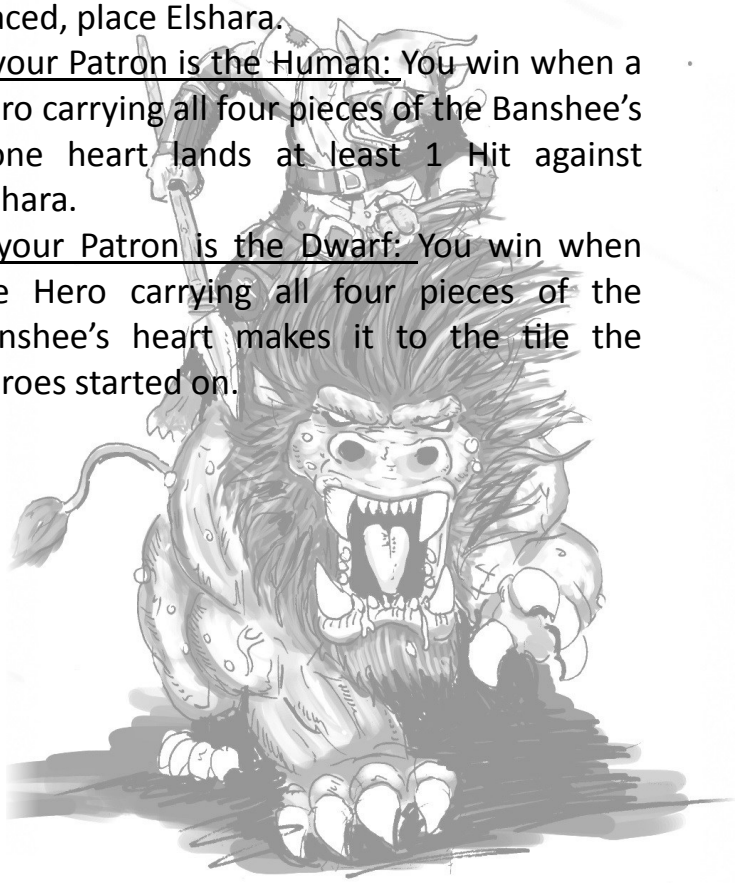
26: *This tomb is surprisingly recent, and the banshee within was one of the Human patron's former friends. The human patron has sent you here to lay the restless spirit to rest, while the Dwarf has tasked you with stealing the heart and leaving the banshee to haunt the tomb.*

This uses Adventure 3, with the following changes:

Instead of placing Skeleton Warriors or Dwarf Revenants, place Wraiths. For the game beginning, place all tiles indicated on the map, and do not place or indicate the players any doors or Wraiths or Elshara. As soon as an attempt is made to attack or otherwise open a chest, place the Door for that room in place; If there is a model there, place the model in the now-closed room. As soon as two of these doors have been placed, place Elshara.

If your Patron is the Human: You win when a Hero carrying all four pieces of the Banshee's stone heart lands at least 1 Hit against Elshara.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win when the Hero carrying all four pieces of the Banshee's heart makes it to the tile the Heroes started on.



31: *These undercaverns are nearby to a large river, and the zombies that have infested in threaten to knock down the foundations of a lucrative mine on the floors above. The Human patron has sent you to eliminate the dangerous trolls, while the Dwarven patron has sent you to open the doors, so a later diverting of the river will ensure the mine's collapse.*

This uses Adventure 2, with the following changes:

Place a regular Zombie instead of the Dwarf Revenants and Armored Zombies, and do not place any Piles of Bones counters. Place a second Zombie Troll above the first, facing downwards. Each Zombie Troll gains a 2-die Short Range attack they may use, throwing boulders and rubble. Raise Dead cards can be used to immediately give a number of Extra Commands equal to the number of models that could have been Raised with the card.

If your Patron is the Human: You win by Destroying both Zombie Trolls.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win if you open all doors on this level.

32: *An ancient Dwarven shrine you pass by offers shelter from a storm, and mere proximity to the holy stone grants your weapons a keen edge.*

The first time your Hero makes a Melee Attack in the next Adventure in a dungeon or otherwise uses their Melee Attack in any way, they count it as being +1 higher than it is. If your patron is the Dwarf, the effect instead continues until you roll any 1s for a Melee Attack.

Undead Revenant by "left64"

33: *Your patron is impressed with you thus far, and has devoted some more resources to getting you better information before you set out again.*

For your next Patron Roll, instead make two Patron Rolls and select one to use.

34: *Before you can make it to shelter, a foul blizzard begins, showering you with razor-sharp shards of jagged ice and sleet!*

Each player rolls as many dice as their Hero's Armor. If you do not get at least one 5 or 6 result, the Hero takes 1 Damage.

35: *Abyssal Dwarf slavers nearly catch you off-guard, and you desperately try to avoid them before you too are enslaved.*

Roll a number of dice equal to the Damage on your Hero; If you roll at least one 1, you take 1 Damage. If your patron is the Dwarf, you must roll an additional die.

36: *The lake overhead has weakened this cavern and dungeon complex significantly. The presence of old Dwarven ritual-runes means the Dwarven patron seeks to have the old drainage gate opened, while the Human patron just wants you to grab an old enchanted whetstone and get out while you can.*

This uses Adventure 4, with the following changes:

For the Cave-In markers, rather than removing a tile, make a 6-die attack against all models on that tile as it begins to Flood, and from then on any models that are on that tile on any subsequent turn. Once at least one tile is Flooding, all models are attacked with a number of dice equal to the number of Flooded tiles plus one at the end of the Overlord's turn, to a maximum of six dice.

If your Patron is the Human: You win if you open both chests and return to the Heroes' start tile.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win by reaching and opening the door marked X

41: *A thane of the gods has been defiled by the stench of undead trolls, a double defilement of this once-holy place. The Human seeks to investigate the shrines of bone made by the trolls, to see if any of them have the scrolls of dispelling you seek, while the Dwarf seeks to have the Trolls killed to cleanse the temple.*

This uses Adventure 5, with the following changes:

Do not place any Zombies or Armored Zombies. However, the Overlord has 8 Piles of Bones counters they must place anywhere on newly-exposed tiles when each of the doors is opened. Piles of Bones can be

Undead Werewolves by Martin Geibner

attacked, counting as having 2 Dice and 1 Armor, and any hits Destroys the Pile of Bones.

If your Patron is the Human: You win if you destroy at least 8 Piles of Bones, or Destroy Undead raised from those Piles of Bones.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win by killing Hoggar.

42: *Mawbeasts have your scent, and nip fiercely at your heels before you can escape into some caves.*

The first time your Hero moves in the next Adventure in a dungeon or otherwise uses their Speed in any way, they count it as being -1 lower than it is. If your patron is the Human, they count it as being -2 lower instead.

Forest Spirits by Matt Gilbert

43: *A swarm of Orclings sneaks upon your campsite in the night! While normally harmless, the surprise means you're left fighting for your life to get them off of you!*

Each player rolls as many dice as their Hero's Melee Attack. If you do not get at least one 6 result, the Hero takes 1 Damage.

44: *You find a moldering abbey, the red stones lit by the dying sun. That evening, clearing aside the plentiful mummified mice and cobwebs, you find a valuable tale in the old library within.*

Each hero gains 1 Experience.

Adventurer's Companion: Each hero gains 1 Glory instead.

45: *Your patron mentions an old friend to you, a reclusive hermit of a hedge mage who specialized in defensive spells. They offer to help you with a mild defensive ward*

The first time your Hero is hit with an Attack in the next Adventure in a dungeon or otherwise uses their Armor in any way, they count it as being +1 higher than it is. If your patron is the Human, the effect instead continues until the enemy rolls any 6s against your hero.

Undead Vampire on Pegasus by Paul Mullis

46: *The Undead-warding spells and sigils have waned for this storehouse, and you need to clean out the undead here if you work for the Human. If you work for the Dwarf, your task is instead to smash the altar and ensure undead will continue to plague this structure.*

This uses Adventure 6, with the following changes:

Ignore the rules for Rotating Rooms. Whenever a monster attacks or is attacked, roll a die. On a 4+, the monster is placed on it's side, and neither receives nor deals any damage and cannot be attacked, injured, or commanded in any way while on its side. The Overlord can spend a Command to set a monster upright, and can spend Commands on that monster as normal.

If your Patron is the Human: You win if you destroy at least half of the of the non-Troll monsters and one Zombie Troll, destroying both Zombie Trolls, or destroying all non-Troll monsters.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win by opening the warded chest (The undead-warding altar) at the bottom of the map.

51: *The ancestral tombs of the dwarves have been disturbed by a shock of foul magic, and the dead have begun to walk the halls they were buried in. The Human patron has directed you to recover an amulet of warding from the tomb of a dwarf thane slain by the Dwarf, while the Dwarven Patron has sent their followers to put down the rogue zombified thane.*

This uses Adventure 7, with the following changes:

Place Wraiths instead of Armored Zombies and Skeleton Archers, and Dwarf Revenants. Do not place the Zombies and Skeleton Warriors, but the Overlord should place 5

Wraiths on the tile after the first door. Piles of Bones can only be used to raise Dwarf Revenants. The tomb on the lowermost tile can be destroyed, counting as having 5 Dice and 5 Armor.
If your Patron is the Human: You win if you destroy the tomb on the lowermost tile.
If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win by killing Grund.

52: *In the midst of a mist of illusion, you seem to find a trove of treasure guarded by nothing more than more illusions. Carefully you grab some loot before fleeing the strange fog.*
Shuffle all of the Magic Item cards, and draw a Magic Item. Discard the Magic Item after the next Adventure; If it was a one-use item, the effect does not work on a die roll of 4+. If your Patron is the Dwarf, draw 2 Magic Items and pick 1 to use instead.

53: *You notice a chest sticking out of the side of a recently-washed-away riverbank. Cracking open the rusty lock, you find a set of identical, bulbous potions within.*
During the next Adventure in a Dungeon, your Hero counts as having the Large special rule (If they were already Large, they are now Huge). You may end this effect at any time, but cannot later re-activate the ability.

54: *The shifting sands of the desert you've been sent to see to be endless. You must try to down one of the vultures overhead for food, or else risk starvation.*
Each player rolls as many dice as their Hero's Long Ranged Attack. If the player has no Long Ranged attacks, they only roll a single die. If you do not get at least one 4, 5, or 6 result, the Hero takes 1 Damage. You may use an applicable Minor Spell or Ability granting such an attack for this roll.

Ogre Shaman by Taylor Holloway

55: *Your patron directs you an old wizard's temple, where the grumpy magister inside can provide you some limited magical artifacts.*
You may turn in 1 Experience token to draw a Magic Item card. If your patron is the Human, the first card drawn this way costs no Experience. If your patron is the Dwarf,

the first card drawn this way costs 2 Experience instead. You may then purchase and keep one of the Magic Item cards by spending a further amount of Experience equal to the indicated Cost of the item (The number in the coin symbol at the bottom)

Adventurer's Companion: The same as above, except spending Gold to draw cards and purchase Magic Items instead of Experience.

56: *One of the Human's old friends has gone rogue, summoning undead and controlling the minds of the servants staffing one of their warehouses. The Human patron has sent you to destroy the necromancer, killing as few of the ensorcelled staff as possible, while the Dwarf wants you to simply wreak havoc.*

This uses Adventure 8, with the following changes:

Do not place any of the three Trolls. Instead, place 3 Wraiths and 4 Piles of Bones on each of the tiles a Troll would have been on.

If your Patron is the Human: You win if you destroy Mortribis.

If your Patron is the Dwarf: You win if you destroy at least 15 enemies.

Ogre Shooters by "TSNC"

61: *A tunnel through which foul undead have begun to emerge is under a major shrine to the Dwarven Grudgestone. The Dwarf patron seeks for you to cleanse and seal the tunnel, and the Human patron wants you to search the antechambers for a Grudgeblade before returning to them posthaste.*

This uses Adventure 2, with the following changes:

Do not place any of the marked enemies. Instead, place the Well terrain marker at the bottom-left corner of the tile the Zombie Troll would have started on. When revealed, the Overlord places 4 Zombies on that tile adjacent to the Well marker. On each subsequent turn at the start of the Overlord's turn, place 4 more Zombies adjacent to the Well. The Well counts as having 5 Dice and 5 Armor.

<u>If your Patron is the Human:</u> You win if you open all the doors and return to the starting tile before the time runs out.

<u>If your Patron is the Dwarf:</u> You win by destroying the Well.

Elven Tree Herder by "WeedyElf"

62: *A travelling Dwarven gunsmith offers you some pistols in exchange for saving them from a pack of Mawbeasts.*

During the next Adventure, you can make a single 4-dice Short Ranged attack in place of your normal Attack. If your patron is the Dwarf, for this Attack treat the enemy Armor as -1 lower than it already is.

63: *These Abyssal Lizardmen carry blades coated with their own caustic venom. You must vanquish them without getting close enough for their knives to scratch you.*

Each player rolls as many dice as their Hero's Short Ranged Attack. If the player has no Short Ranged attacks, they only roll a single die. If you do not get at least one 4, 5, or 6 result, the Hero takes 1 Damage. You may use an applicable Minor Spell or Ability granting such an attack for this roll.

Forces of Nature Elementals by Andre Kritzinger

64: *A half-mad and grey-haired barbarian offers you a chance to spar against him in the confines of a small stone arena. He looks tough as leather, but his lessons may be useful.*

You may take any number of Damage, and receive that many Experience in return; This cannot be used to Cripple yourself.

Adventurer's Companion: You gain Glory instead of Experience.

65: *You offer some kindness and shelter to a young woman, and discover that she is a vampire. Rather than attack you, she thanks you for your help, warding you before departing as a bat.*

During the next Adventure, ignore the first Damage you would take. If your patron is the Human, ignore the first 2 Damage instead.

66: *A recently disturbed series of murals has a nexus of magical artefacts displayed in the engraved images, but the guardians are acting up and attacking scholars accessing the information on the wall murals. The Human is seeking to have you re-seal the guardians in their chambers to safeguard their servants, while the Dwarf is desiring for you to disable these skeletal guardians entirely.*

This uses Adventure 3, with the following changes:

Do not place any of the indicated monsters or Bosses, and ignore the rules for Chests and the Pillar. Instead, as soon as all Heroes

Kingdoms of Men Polearms by "Azazel"

are on the center two tiles, open all doors, and place 2 Skeleton Archers in each of the rooms adjacent to the chests. At the start of the Overlord's turn, the Overlord places 1 Skeleton Archer adjacent to each unopened Chest. You may close the doors that had opened by making the same roll that would have been needed to open the Door, and any monsters can attempt to open the doors once they have been closed (Move any models on the Door space inside the smaller room if possible). The warded yellow Door can be closed/opened as if it was a 3 Die, 3 Armor door instead.

<u>If your Patron is the Human:</u> You win by closing all the doors once they have been opened

<u>If your Patron is the Dwarf:</u> You win if you open all the chests in the small rooms.

The Human Patron, Favored:

She looks at the array of artefacts and items laid out on the table before her. Most of these look like they could slay you just by looking at them, but she seems to have a familiarity with a great deal of them, running her fingers along their worn lines and carvings as if they were old friends. Finally, she turns, taking a deep breath and giving you a smile.

"I think these will be sufficient for my purposes. I...thank you, my friends. You have performed admirably, and one could not ask for finer allies to rely on…"

At those words, she again stands and gazes out her smoked-glass window where her white-and-blue striped banners wave, before saying in a quiet voice "Your fees are on the table outside with my manservant. Speak

with them and you will be rewarded beyond the gold you've already be seen. Now, please, leave me."

The Human Patron, Disgraced:

Your patron wrinkles her nose in disgust, and you can see the lines of age on her face as the stress wears on her. You've heard rumors of other heroes working for her nemesis, destroying her business and safehouses as if they were child's play, and your failures have not helped her mood.

"This...this is all you bring me?" she says, gesturing to a small pile of trinkets, the magic within them scarcely sufficient to light a campfire let alone break the wards of protection the Dwarf is surrounded by."

She sighs with disgust, wrinkling her nose as she pulls out a set of tiny coin-purses. Tossing each pouch at you all, she says in a cutting voice "It appears I will need to expend a bit more effort to find allies who can be relied upon to perform as requested. Get out of my sight," she snaps before turning to glare out her window.

The Dwarven Patron, Favored:

With a broad grin a bellowing laugh, you're clapped on the back by a hand that threatens to crack bone. "Ha, my good friends, you have proven your worth these past weeks indeed! Why, my informants have told me that my old "friend" has been at her wit's end trying to keep up with compensating for the devastation you've caused her. With any luck, this whole business and her with it will be a foul

Undead Werewolves by Boris Samec

memory before the year is out."

You think yourselves dismissed, and are about to leave to retrieve your silver-filled chests downstairs when she speaks once more, more to herself than you all.

"I wonder...I wonder if death will truly grant me peace? The spirits have haunted me so over the years that it seems like adding just one more may be folly more than victory."

She shoots you all a glance, as if remembering you're still there, before waving you to begone as she turns to look back out the window, waraxe still in hand as her orange banner blows past the window.

Basilean Elohi by "C. M. Minis"

The Dwarven Patron, Disgraced:

There is a rumble like thunder from her as she glowers at you, but her voice is tightly calm. "At every turn, I find my betrayer's structures standing, and her business as healthy as ever." She leans on the table towards you, the table creaking as dangerously as her tone is.

"Furthermore, I have found that she is rallying artifacts and spells, magics to break the luck and boons the gods themselves have granted me despite my best efforts otherwise." She leans back, arms crossed across her chest.

"It is clear to me what she intends, and you've failed to at the very least distract her from this task. With any luck, she will face me herself to land the killing blow she obviously desires to deliver, but more likely she will hire an assassin as fits her character. I only hope that the hired knives she hires are you lackwits, as I may well survive a few seasons longer in that case."

In either case of overall victory or defeat, you can always reapply to a Patron and attempt to fight for their cause again. There may be more adventures and scenarios involving the former partners turned enemies in future Ironwatch Issues as well, so stay tuned.▪

THE ROCKY WASTELANDS

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.

The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.

The other tools all modelers have at home:

- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

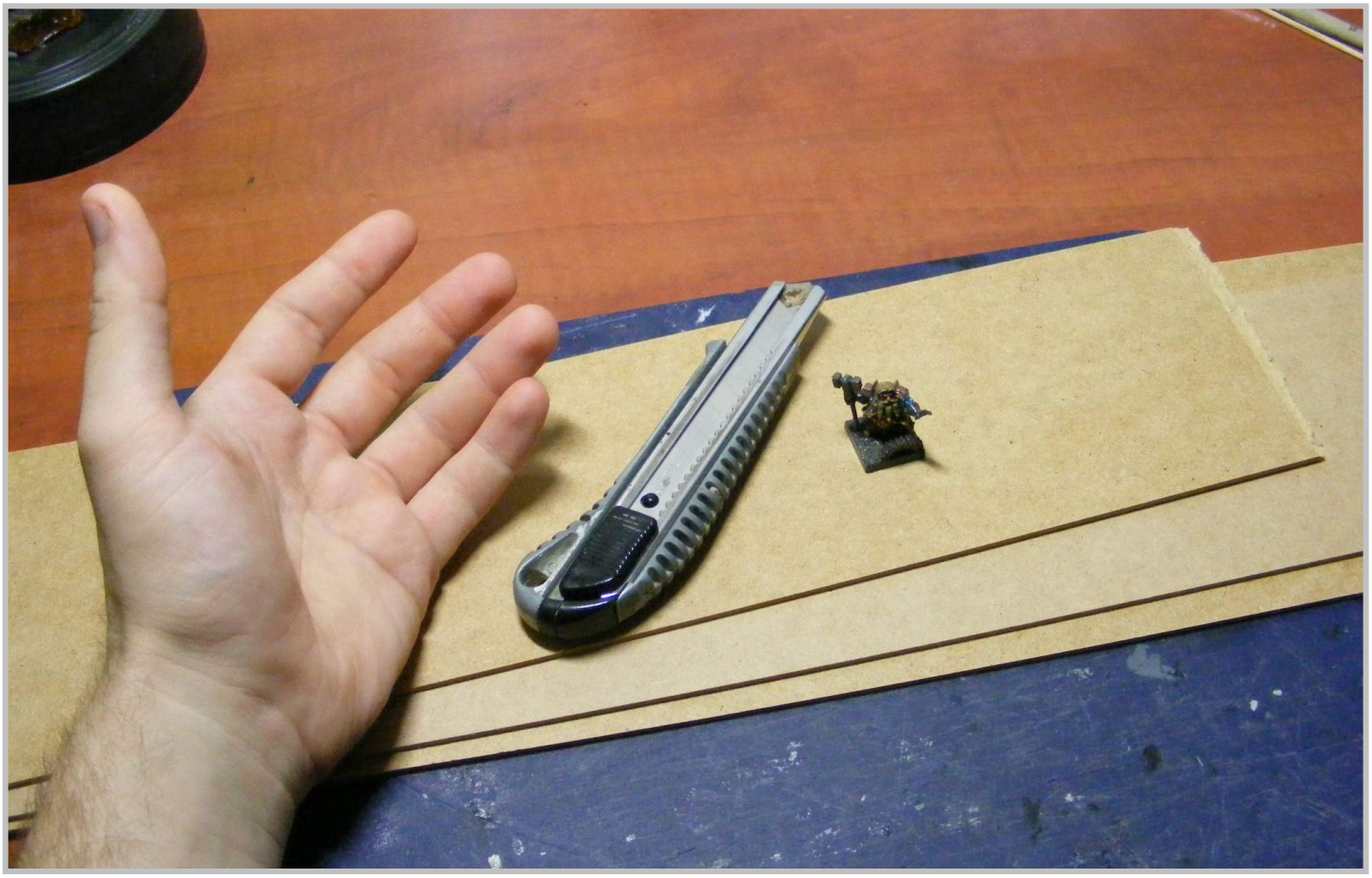
And endless imagination!"

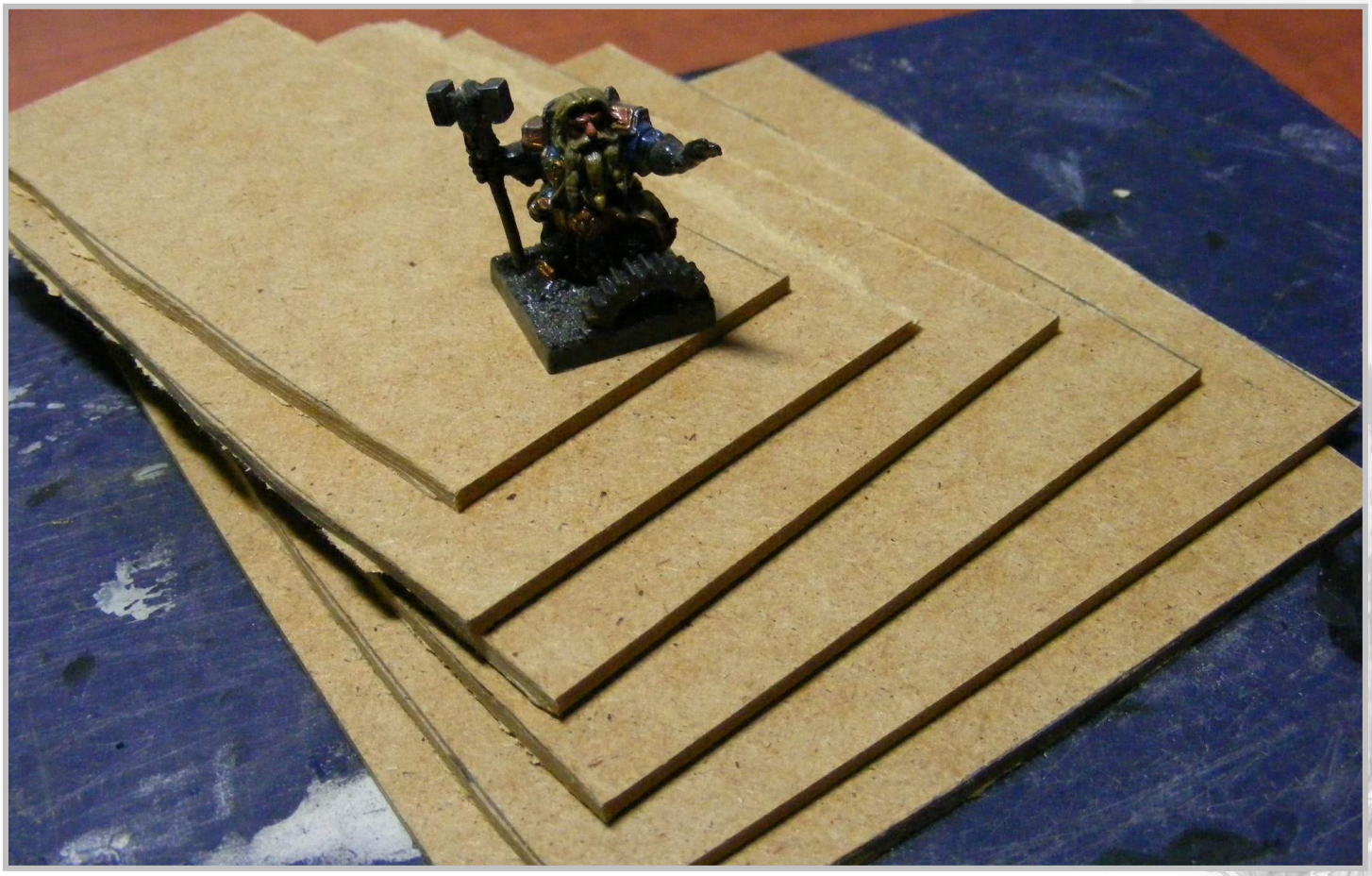
Peter's other notes for this build:

"Again, this was using the same materials to build from scratch.

I used pieces of laminate floor desk as a base (floor texture tape is on the underside), high density polystyrene for the big rock structure, and plucked HD styrene for small rocks. I also used sand, PVA glue & wood dowel, acrylic paints, and matt varnish.

The painting part is simple. I used a black color as an undercoat, then drybrushed brown and sand yellow.



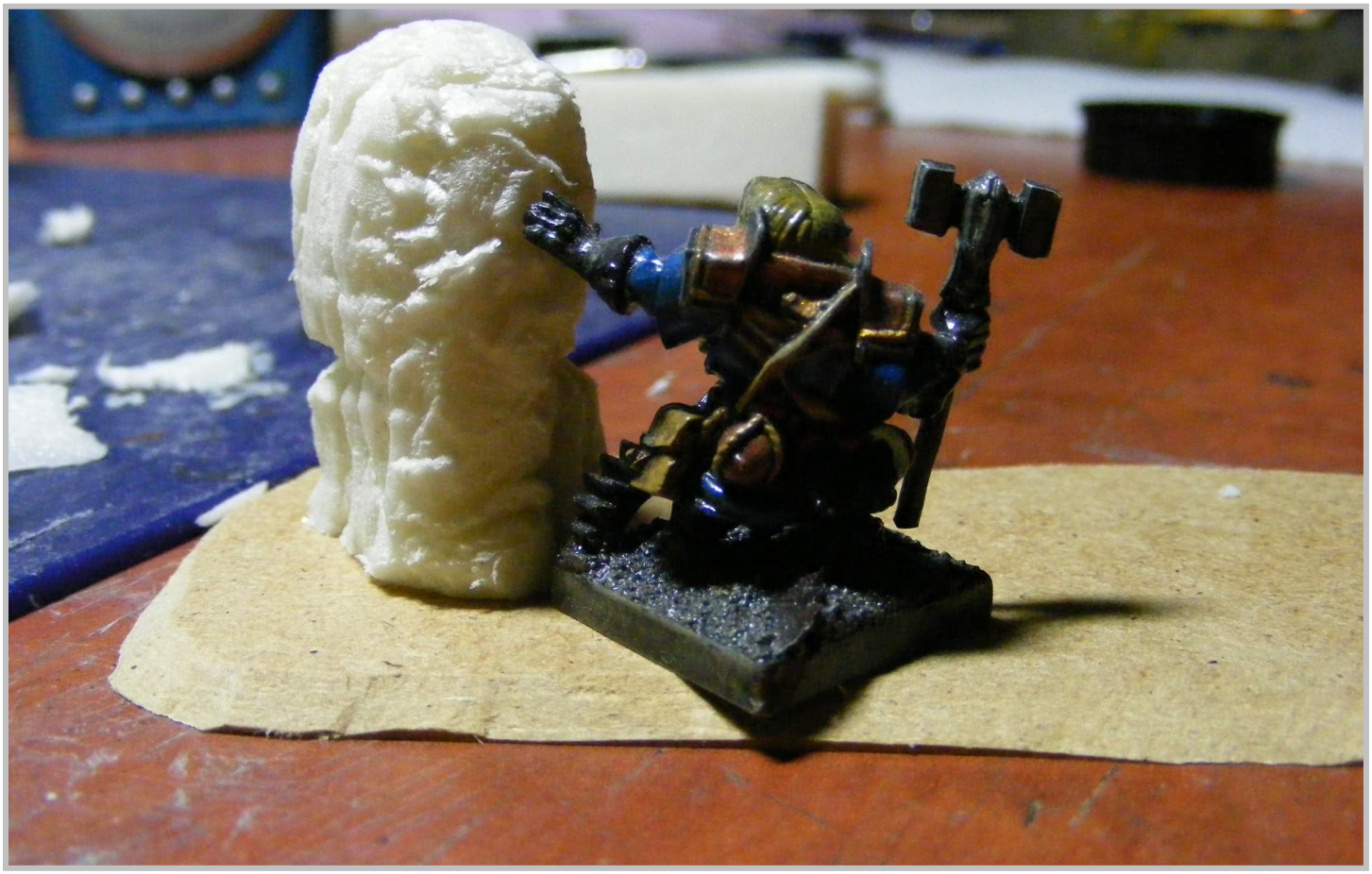


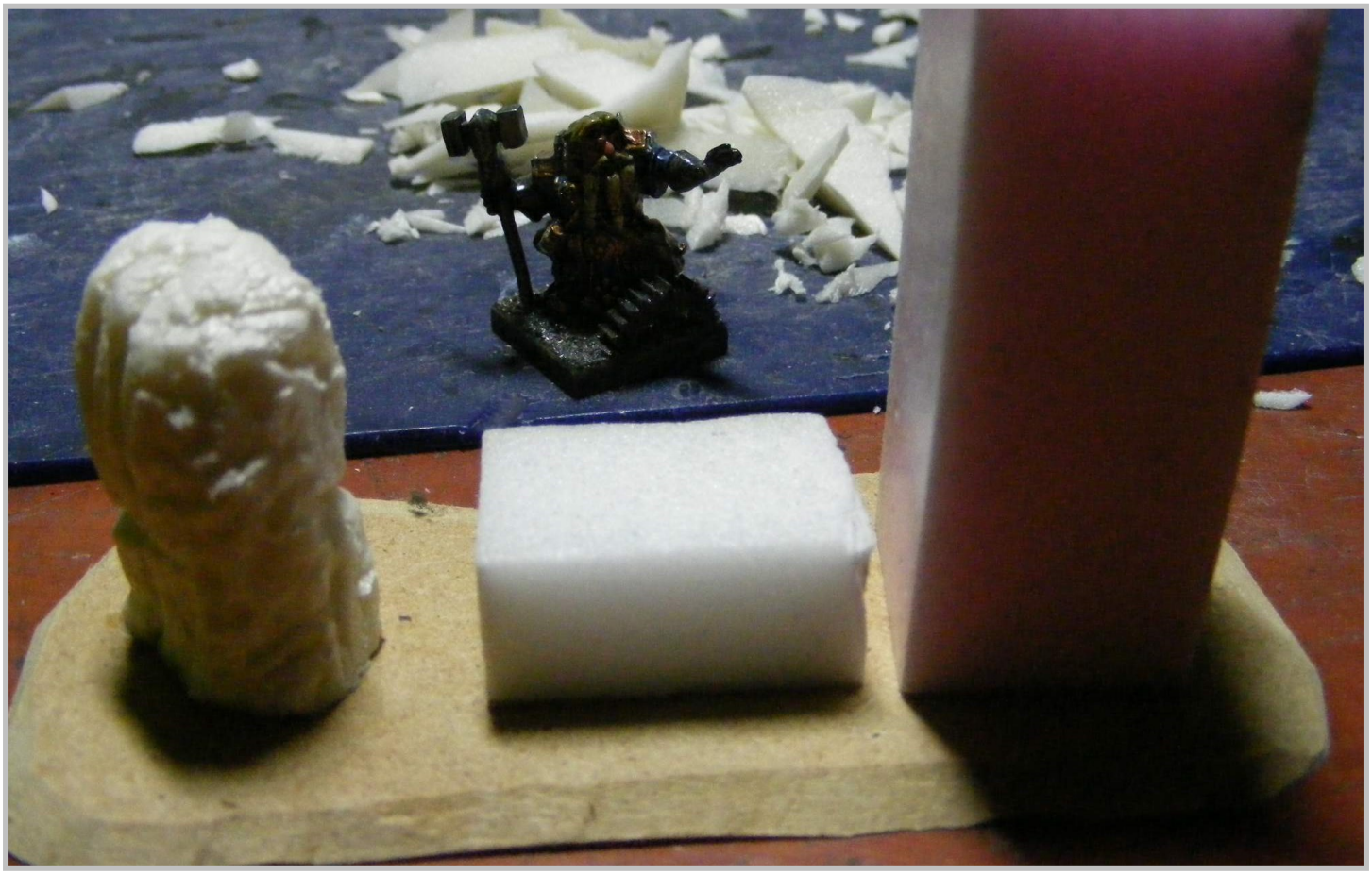
After drying, I used 2 washes - brown and black.

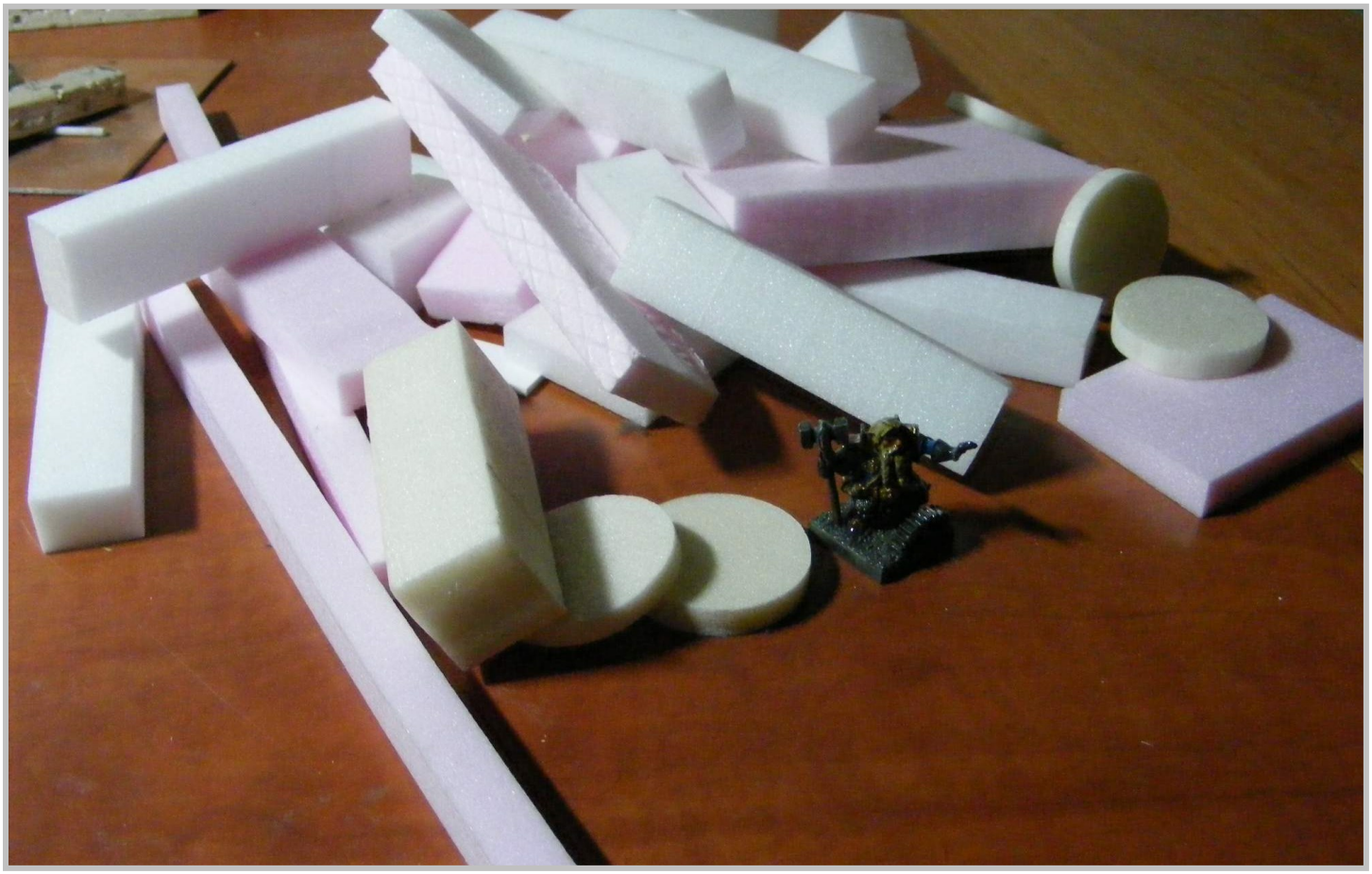
Finally I finished with drybrushing it lightly a dirty white.

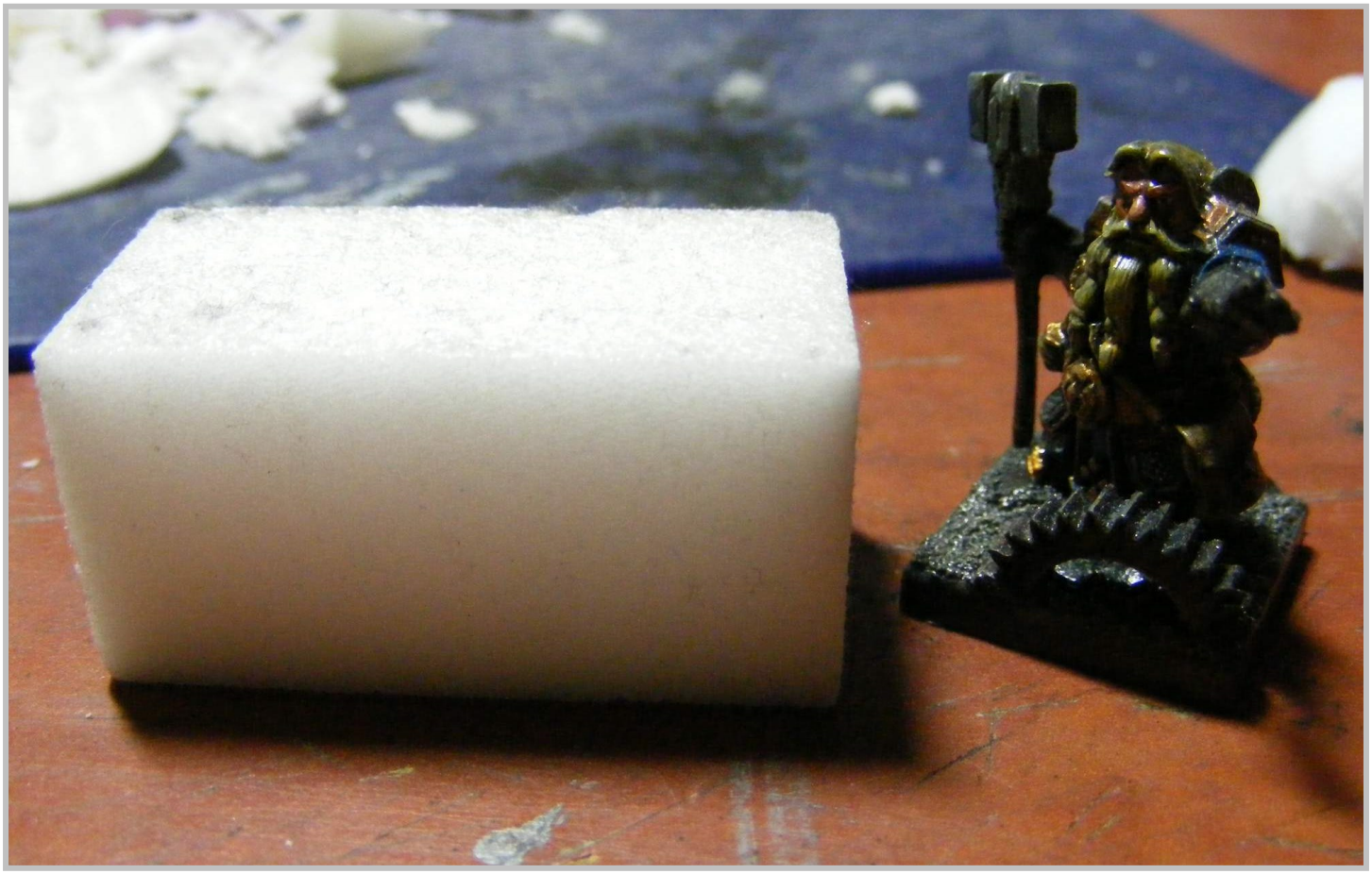
The whole piece was then sprayed with matt varnish."

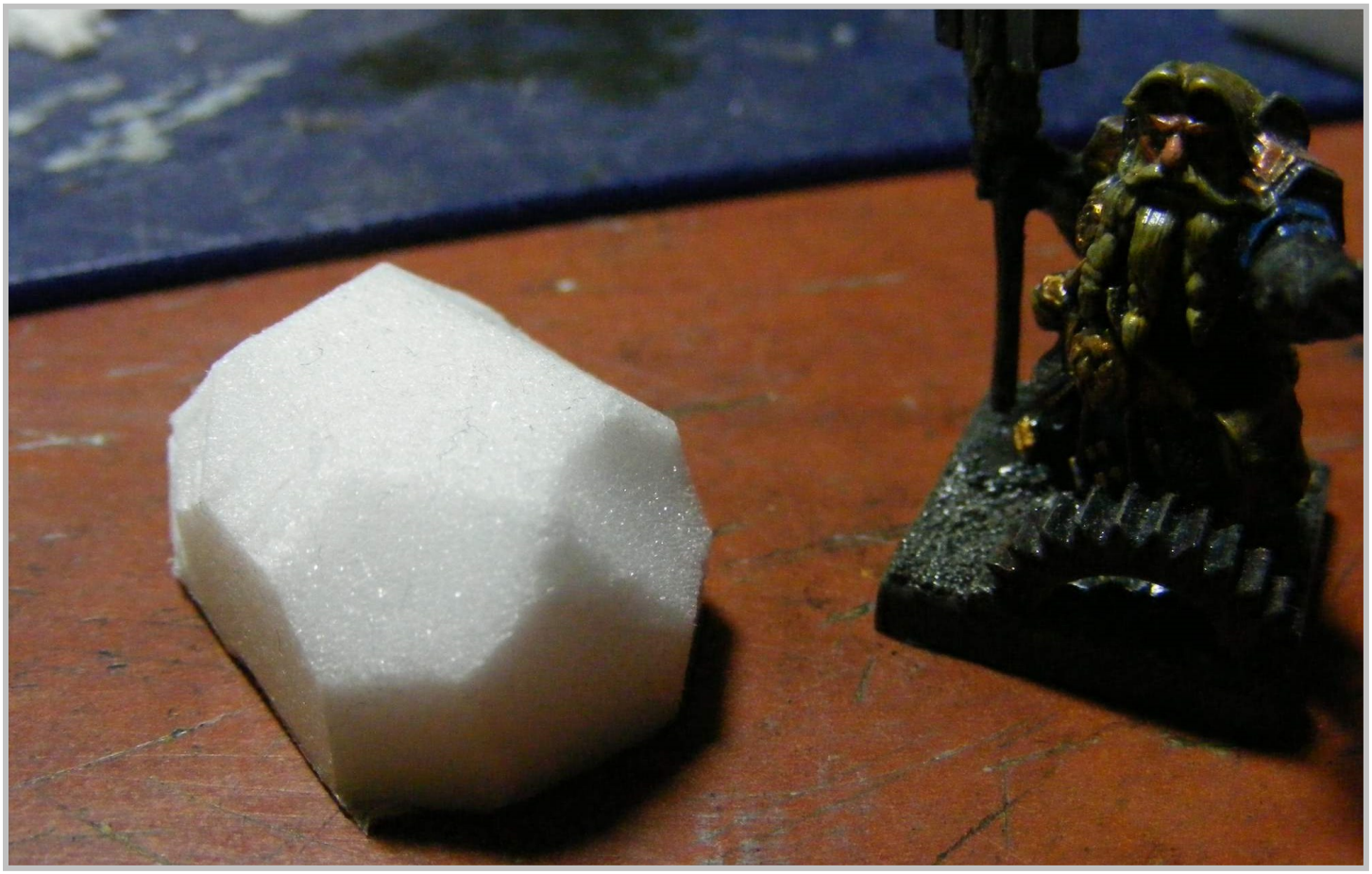
SUPER-GOLD+

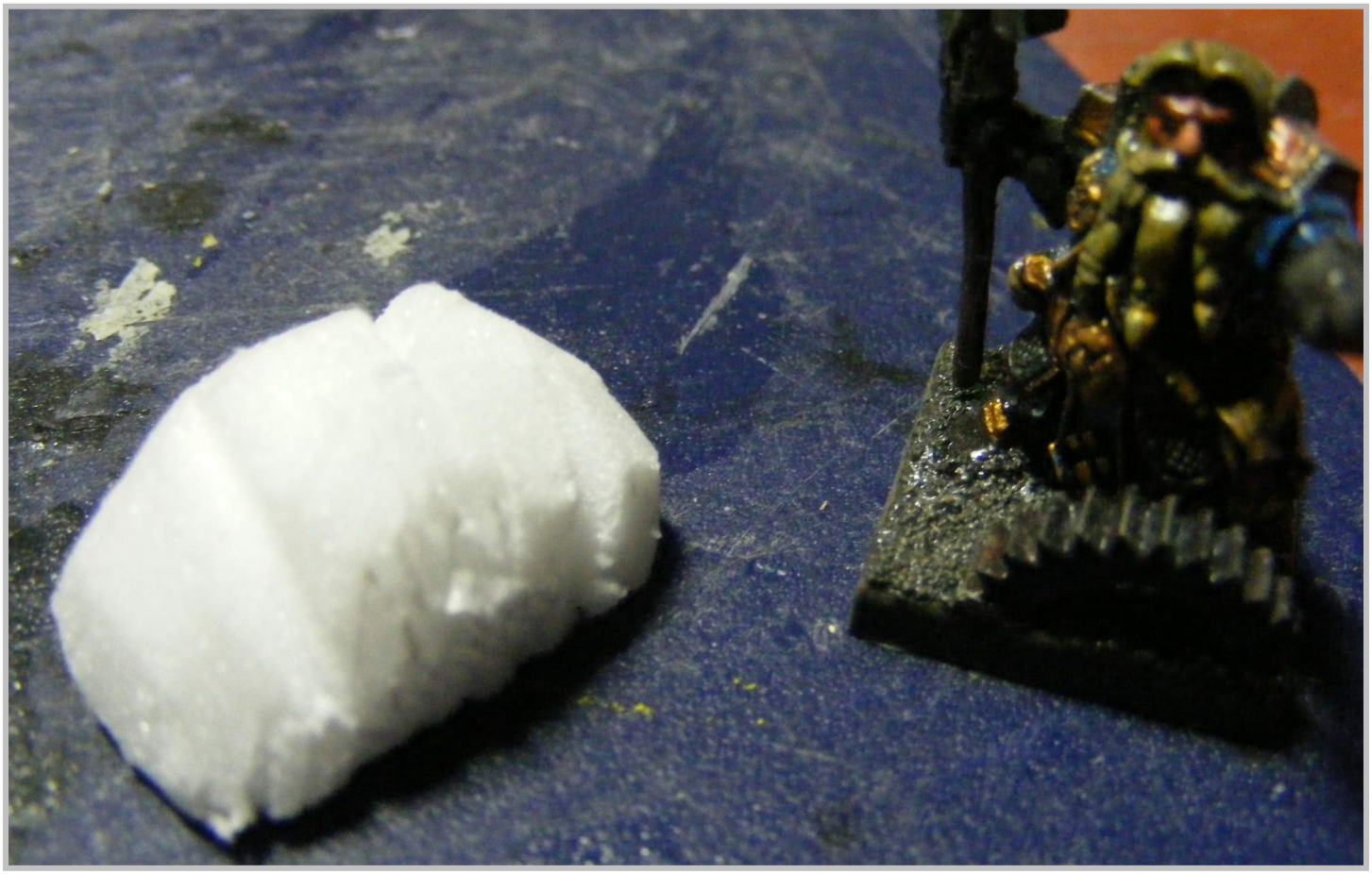












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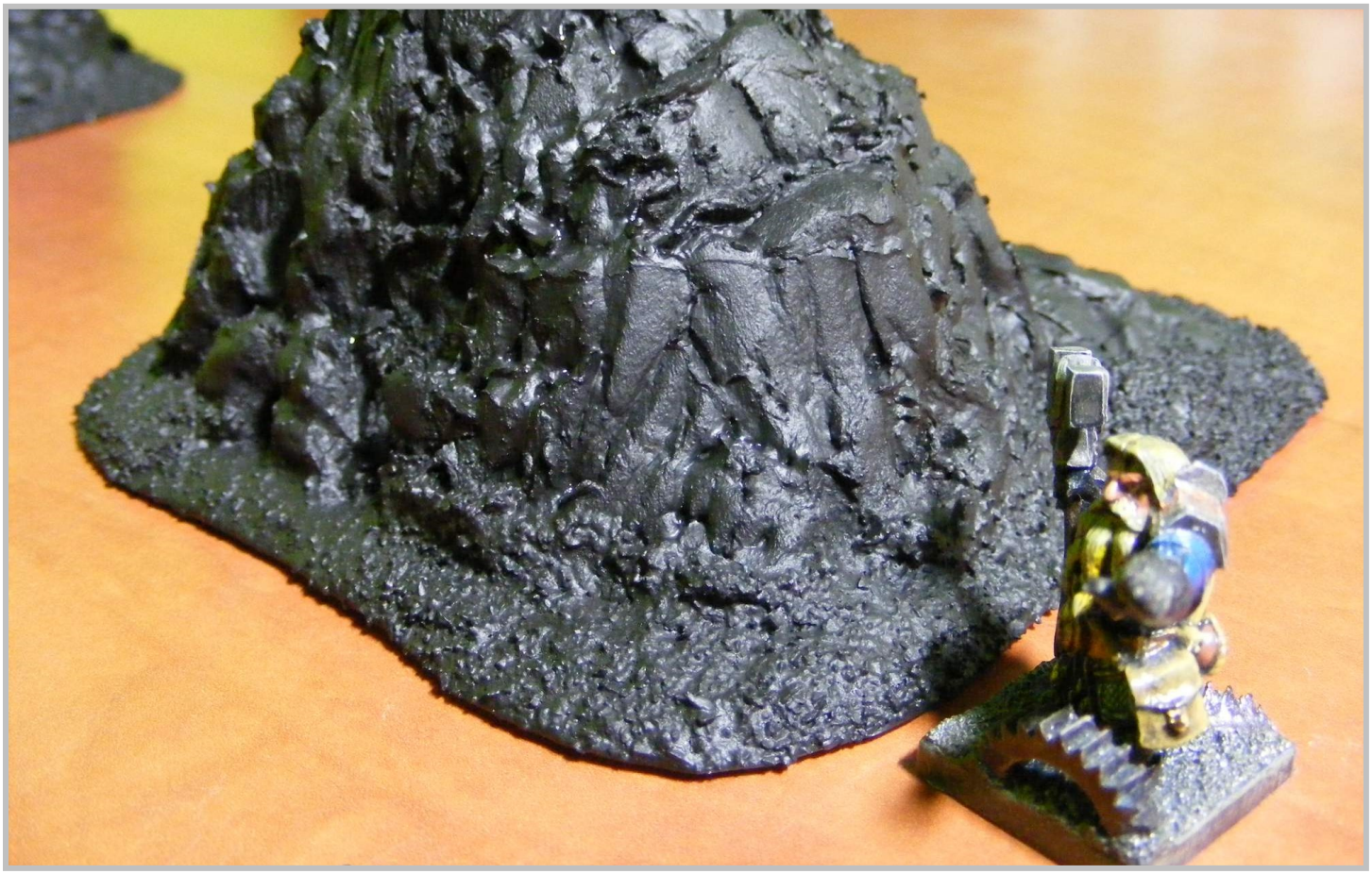

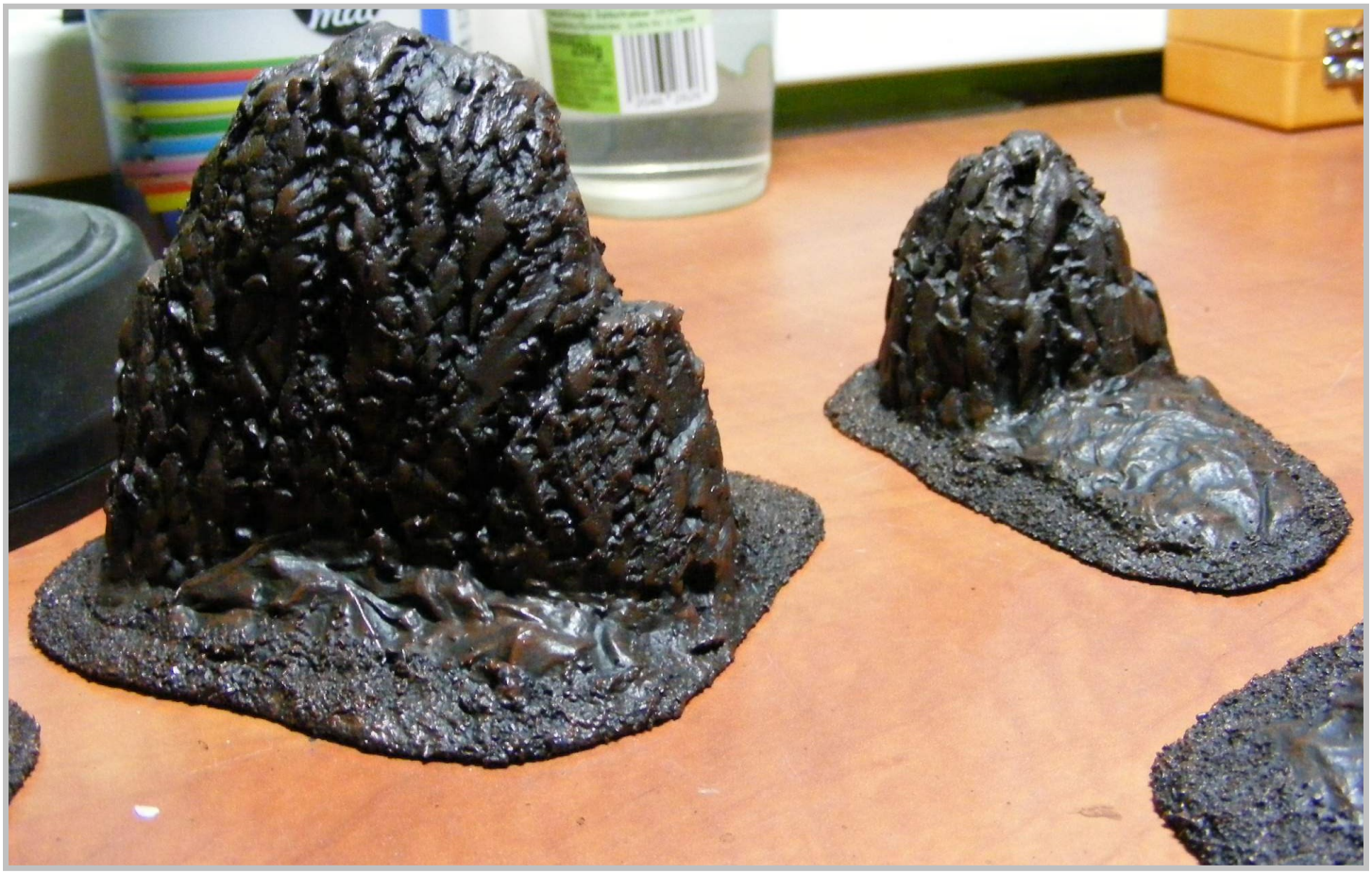

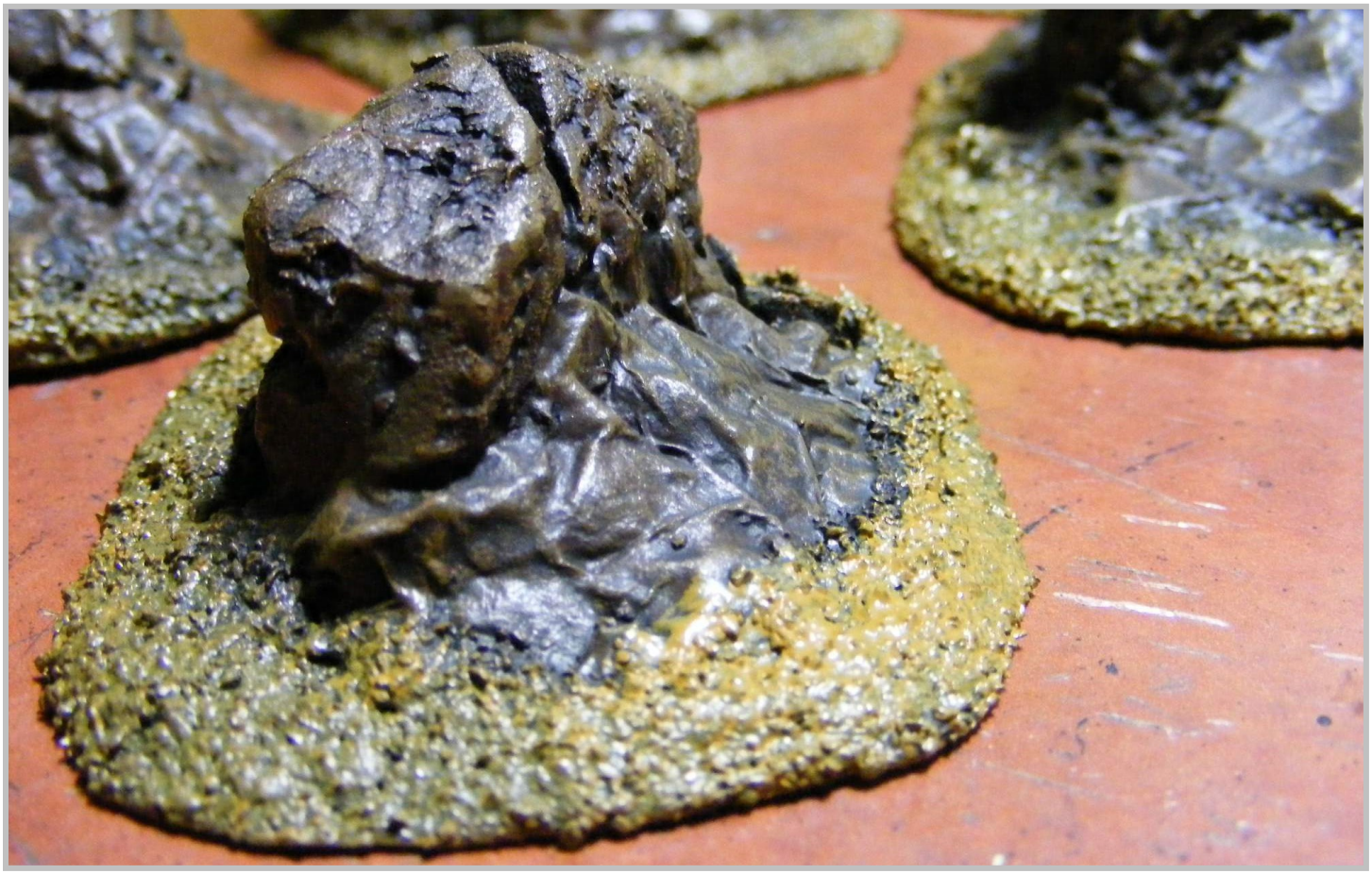

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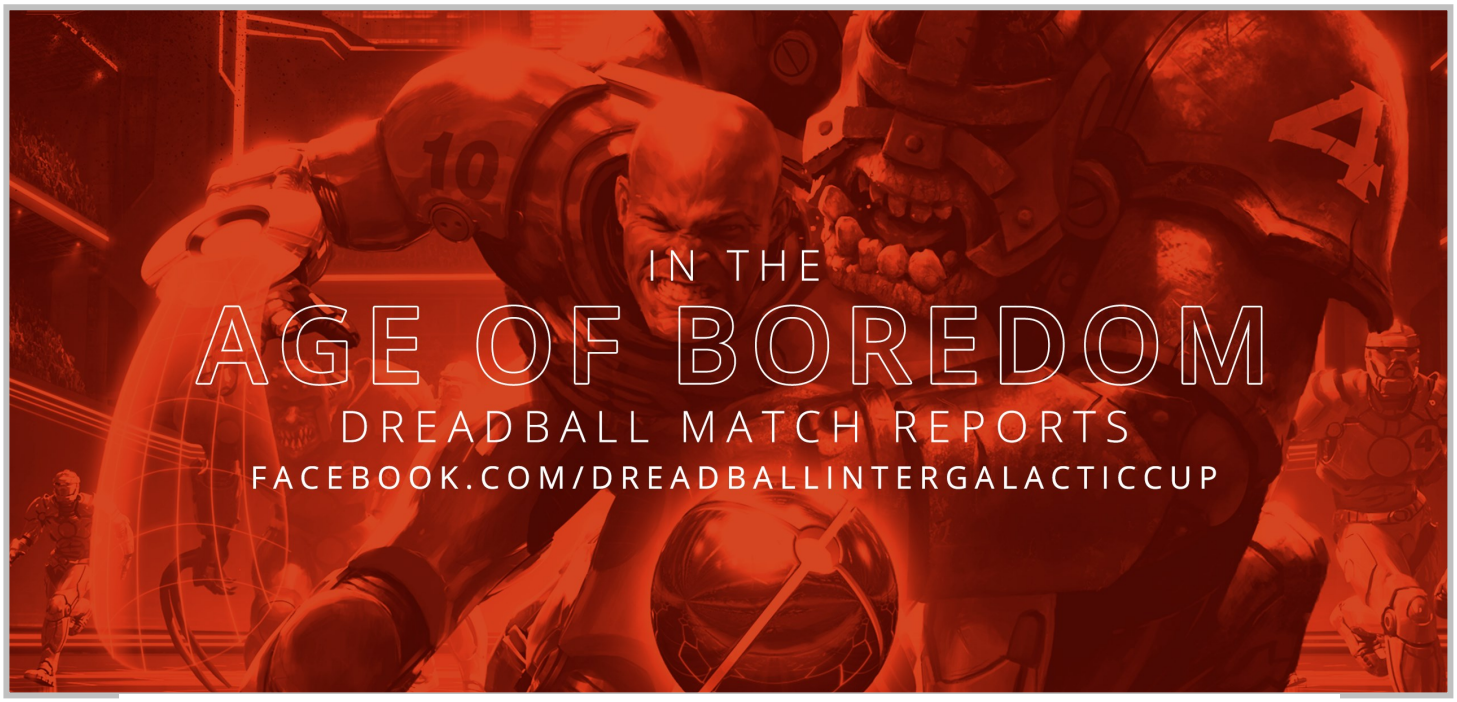

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